

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A view of Slotsholmen, Copenhagen, showing (left) the Stock Exchange and (right) Christiansborg Palace. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State visit to Denmark next week

In this number:

Japan's Two Civilisations (Robert Guillain)  
Impressions of South Africa (Sir Stephen King-Hall)  
The French Concierge (Pierre Schneider)



PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

# Cricket—and Three Nuns

Settle yourself under the trees. Give a thought to the batsmen, fielders and umpires who are going to please you, or displease you, for the next few hours. And then light up your pipe of Three Nuns tobacco. Cricket may be full of glorious uncertainties—but

Three Nuns is always a glorious certainty. The reason is Perique—that rare tobacco which once filled the American Indians' pipe of peace and is now so subtly blended in Three Nuns. Rich indeed is the pleasure of the Perique blend, as all Three Nuns smokers know.



## Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique



### A Cruise to the 'Gay Northern Capitals'

If you have never visited Scandinavia, take a P & O cruise and be prepared for one of the most enjoyable holidays ever. You will be surprised and delighted with the gaiety and 'life' around you, in the enchanting Northern cities

you will visit—Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki and Copenhagen. This glorious 21-day cruise on the spacious P & O ship "Arcadia"—leaves Southampton on July 27th. First Class from £152 to £184—Tourist Class from £87 to £120.

Alternatively it is still possible to secure accommodation, First Class, on some cruises during June, July, August and September and limited Tourist Class accommodation in four and six berth cabins during August and September, to the Mediterranean.

Your local Travel Agent will help you, or write direct to

**P&O**

14/16 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

"The Gateway to the Continent"



for **Holland · Denmark**  
**Sweden · Germany · Austria**  
**Switzerland · Italy**

Most tickets are  
interavailable by  
either  
**DAY OR NIGHT**  
**SERVICES**

Full details from:—British Railways' Continental Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2 and Travel Centre, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1, stations and agencies; or Wm. H. Muller & Co., 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1

**BRITISH RAILWAYS** **ZEELAND S.S. CO.**



# The Listener

Vol. LVII. No. 1468

Thursday May 16 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Morgan Phillips) ... .. 792	
Mr. Macmillan's Visit to Germany—and After (Thomas Barman) ...	775	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Changing Alignments in the Middle East (Douglas Stuart) ...	776	From J. H. Burns, Archie Lamont, M. R. Garner, Eric Baines,	
Japan's Two Civilisations (Robert Guillaing) ... .. 777		W. A. Hodges, Federico Clark, B. N. Secar, William A.	
Impressions of South Africa (Sir Stephen King-Hall) ... .. 779		Robson, B. Edward Hardy, and Dr. V. Lopašić ... .. 793	
THE LISTENER:		ART:	
Royal Visit to Denmark ... .. 780		Round the London Galleries (Robin Ironside) ... .. 796	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... .. 780		LITERATURE:	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		The Listener's Book Chronicle ... .. 797	
The Four Inns of Court (Sir Norman Birkett) ... .. 781		New Novels (Ronald Bryden) ... .. 800	
A Pillar of the Band of Hope (Osbert Wyndham Hewett) ... .. 781		CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
In Praise of the Thames (Sir Alan Herbert) ... .. 782		Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong) ... .. 802	
HISTORY:		Television Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... .. 802	
The Indian Mutiny—I (Surendra Nath Sen) ... .. 783		Sound Broadcasting (Roy Walker) ... .. 803	
BIOGRAPHY:		The Spoken Word (Michael Swan) ... .. 804	
Recollections of Wyndham Lewis (Geoffrey Grigson) ... .. 785		Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... .. 804	
MISCELLANEOUS:		MUSIC:	
The French Concierge (Pierre Schneider) ... .. 786		Nielsen's Heroic Symphonies (Arthur Jacobs) ... .. 805	
PHILOSOPHY:		FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... .. 807	
Brain and Will—II (D. M. MacKay) ... .. 788		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... .. 807	
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... .. 790		CROSSWORD NO. 1,407 ... .. 807	

## Mr. Macmillan's Visit to Germany—and After

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

ALL of us who are in any way in touch with the continent of Europe are conscious of the fact that from time to time a tide of suspicion seems to rise against British policy and the aims of the British Government, a tide that threatens to engulf all the goodwill and all the patient effort of successive British governments over a period of years. In the past few weeks this tide of suspicion has again been rising, in spite of the North Atlantic Alliance, in spite of the fact that the British contribution to the defence of the free world is greater than that of any other Power except the United States, and in spite of the British Government's declared intention to bring the negotiations for an industrial free-trade area in Europe to a successful end.

In Western Germany the spirit of criticism and suspicion has been particularly strong. Its point of origin was the announcement that the British Government had decided to reduce the numerical strength of their armed forces on the continent of Europe. Other factors came into play to reinforce it. The feeling that the British Government in talking about a free trade area in Europe were, in fact, trying to prevent the coming into force of a treaty whose purpose is to unite the economies of Federal Germany, France, Italy, and the Low Countries in one common market, and the restoration of Anglo-American understanding that was achieved at the Bermuda Conference some weeks ago, prompted certain critics to assert that a European policy was something that the British Government produced only when they were afraid that the Americans were failing them. When the crisis over the Suez Canal was at its height, so these critics argue, the British Government were made to feel the full rigours of American isolation and so they turned to Europe for consolation and comfort. Now that the United States is friendly again, Europe will have to take second place, a very second place, in the British scheme of things. Incidentally, this particular suspicion seems, in fact, to conceal a secret German wish, for what many Germans would dearly like is to enter into a special arrangement with the United States that would give them, so to speak, the right of privileged entry into the White House. When they reflect upon the

nature of certain British difficulties and weaknesses and compare them with their own achievements in the economic field, they are inclined, or some of them, to consider that they have more to offer the United States in tangible advantages than any other country.

All these doubts and hesitations about British policy, and especially about the new defence policy of the British Government, emerged clearly during the meeting of the North Atlantic Council in Bonn last week, and, in fact, it seemed to some observers that the Germans were leading the opposition against the British point of view.

It was in these circumstances that Mr. Macmillan arrived in Bonn on an official visit. The details of the trip had all been arranged some time ago, of course, yet it could hardly have come at a more useful time, for it has enabled him to proclaim his abiding faith in the Atlantic Alliance and his Government's earnest wish to make a major contribution to the security and prosperity of Europe. In a news conference held at the end of his talks with Dr. Adenauer, Mr. Macmillan agreed that there had been uncertainties in the German mind about British policy. He said that they had been discussed fully and with great frankness, and he now hoped that all the doubts had been removed. In a specific reference to the cuts in the strength of the British armed forces in Germany, he said he now hoped that the Government's plans were understood and that there would be no further suspicions or hesitations about the intentions of the British Government.

Broadly, the agenda for these Anglo-German talks covered three main topics. First, there was the question of defence. It seems that a difference of opinion still exists. At all events the German Government has given no undertaking to abstain from opposing the next instalment in the British cuts when they come up for discussion at the next meeting of the Council of Western Union in October. In the meantime, as explained in the final *communiqué*, the Federal Minister of Defence will shortly visit London, at the invitation of the British Government, to discuss defence questions. There is another aspect of this defence problem that is of considerable importance in the present state of German public opinion, almost on the eve of a General Election. The



introduction of new weapons will enable the British Government to maintain the fighting power of British forces in Germany at least at its present level in spite of the cuts in manpower. That raises two questions; first, whether Germany is to become an arsenal of atomic weapons and, secondly, if other members of the Atlantic Alliance are to have atomic weapons, how it is going to be possible, in the long run, to deprive the German Army of them. The Soviet Government has already drawn these problems to the attention of the German public in an acute form, and there has been a tendency here to argue that the British Government, for its own purposes, has precipitated an unwelcome discussion about atomic weapons. Those problems are for the future; they were certainly examined in Bonn, there is no doubt that serious misunderstandings have been removed, and to that extent it will be much easier for the problems to be resolved.

As regards the plan for economic co-operation in Europe, the second topic on the agenda, Mr. Macmillan went out of his way to welcome the arrangements for a common market. The two Heads of Government are agreed that it is necessary to establish as soon as possible a free-trade

area as a complement to the common market. Mr. Macmillan said that if these efforts at co-operation failed, the effects on Europe could be serious.

Finally, European security. Mr. Macmillan insisted that real security in Europe without the reunification of Germany was impossible. The British Government, he said, would do everything in their power to achieve the unity that was the heart's desire of the German people. Mr. Macmillan's generous references to the German problem have made a considerable impression here and have undoubtedly contributed to the improvement that has taken place in the Anglo-German atmosphere, for there has also been a suspicion that the British Government might be prepared to consider, as part of the price for a general agreement with the Soviet Government, some arrangement that would impair a German sovereignty or impose unwelcome restrictions on German foreign policy. I cannot assert that these suspicions no longer exist. What is certain is that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, in public and in private, have done their utmost to root them out.

—General Overseas Service

## Changing Alignments in the Middle East

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

I HAVE just seen two Arab Kings kiss each other on both cheeks.\* They were King Feisal of Iraq and King Saud of Saudi Arabia. The occasion was King Saud's arrival in Baghdad for a state visit of four days. The kisses exchanged by the two monarchs are profoundly significant: they mark the end of the family feud between the Hashemite Kings of Iraq and the House of Saud, but, more important still, the cordial embrace of the two monarchs represents an open avowal of the changing alignments in the Middle East. The Arab Kings are drawing closer together in defence of the monarchical principle. They believe that this is threatened by the aggressive republicanism of Egypt and Syria, and also by international communism. In addition, the oil-producing states, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, are strengthening their economic ties. Their wealth depends on free access to markets in the West. In recent months, Egypt and Syria have hampered the flow of oil to the West, Egypt by blocking the Suez Canal and Syria by blowing up the pipelines from Iraq's northern oilfields. King Saud and King Feisal do not want this to happen again.

I am not saying that a dramatic change has occurred in the Middle East, but I am suggesting—and it is a suggestion with which all western embassies in the Arab countries agree—that a swing of the pendulum of power in the Middle East has begun. Six months ago, the Arab States, with the exception of Iraq, followed Egypt's lead in their hostility to the West. This was at the time of Israel's attack on Egypt and the consequent Anglo-French intervention. A Jordan government official said to me, as the last British troops pulled out of Port Said: 'You have sold the Arab camel and bought the Israeli goat. You will never buy us back'.

The West, much less the British, have not 'bought back' the Arabs, but the Arabs, or rather the Arabs of Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Jordan, the Sudan and Libya, have started to move back towards the West. The factors which have stimulated this move include oil, western economic assistance, and fear of communism. President Eisenhower's declaration of policy, the so-called Eisenhower Doctrine, gave King Saud, King Hussein of Jordan, and President Chamoun of Lebanon the opportunity they wanted to discard the Egyptian policy of positive neutrality—that is, the policy of treating communist states and western democracies as equals.

During his recent visit to Washington, King Saud announced his support of the Eisenhower Doctrine. In Jordan, King Hussein dismissed the pro-Egyptian, pro-Soviet Government of Prime Minister Nabulsi. I was in Amman when the young King put his kingdom under martial law and declared that he would rid the country of communists and subversive elements. In Iraq, these moves received a whole-hearted welcome. The Iraqi Government has consistently stated that the foremost danger threatening the Middle East is the spread of communism. This is why Iraq is a member of the Baghdad Pact, a defensive, anti-communist alliance.

Iraq's Prime Minister, Nuri es-Said, is deeply distrustful of the flirtation with Russia carried on by Egypt and Syria, and now it would appear that King Saud and King Hussein agree with him. Slowly but surely, President Nasser of Egypt and President Kuwatly of Syria are being threatened with isolation in the Arab world. This isolation is not an accomplished fact. On the contrary, both Egypt and Syria still wield a great deal of influence in the Arab world. The message of Cairo radio's 'Voice of the Arabs' is still regarded as gospel by hundreds of thousands of people from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf, but, as I move about the Middle East, I have noted a great difference in the way Arabs look on Egypt in comparison with six months ago. The phrases 'Arab unity', 'Arab solidarity', 'sovereignty', 'dignity', 'brotherhood' still have the power to move them emotionally, but there no longer seems to be the belief that Egypt can help them attain these objectives. This disbelief stems from one fact, the fact which has now penetrated the minds of even the most fanatically pro-Egyptian Arabs, that Israel completely defeated the Egyptian army. Despite Russian tanks, guns, and aircraft, the Egyptian army fled when the Jews attacked, and so, although the brazen voice of Cairo radio continues to fill the ether of the Middle East, there are a growing number of Arabs who feel that it is not the voice of a lion, but that of a donkey.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

### SUMMER BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

Fulness of Days. By Lord Halifax

Reviewed by Lord Attlee, O.M.

A. E. Housman: a Divided Life. By George L. Watson

Reviewed by Stephen Spender

The Mirror in the Roadway. By Frank O'Connor

Reviewed by David Paul

The Common Muse. Edited by V. de Sola Pinto and

A. E. Rodway

Reviewed by Hilary Corke

Bertrand Russell: the Passionate Sceptic. By Alan Wood

Reviewed by Maurice Cranston



# Japan's Two Civilisations

By ROBERT GUILLAIN

**H**AVE you ever been in a Japanese house? If not I hope you will have the chance some day, for I believe the Japanese house is one of the best achievements of oriental civilisation. I wish I could take you, for instance, to the home of a friend of mine in Tokyo, Mr. Suzuki. Do not expect, as do many foreigners, to find a 'house of bamboo', for there is hardly a piece of bamboo in a Japanese house. Nor is it a house made of paper—though Kipling once jokingly wrote that, in Japan, burglars use scissors to break into houses at night.

No, the house of Mr. Suzuki is not a mere pavilion, frail as a Japanese lantern, but a solid enough structure if only because it has to stand the test of frequent earthquakes. Yet its atmosphere is eerie and in a way out of this modern world. It is different from all the houses you may know: no stone, but wood all round; no floors, but straw mats, on which it is a crime to walk with shoes on; few walls inside the house, but many screens and frail partitions—doors which do not open in the usual way but glide sideways. No tables, no chairs, no furniture to be seen anywhere, not even beds: the main characteristic of the house is its emptiness. In the drawing-room, for instance, there will be at most a low and small lacquered table, and silk cushions on which you will sit—besides these, hardly more than two or three objects, such as a single painting, and a delicate flower arrangement in a vase.

The house does not offer the protection and isolation which a western house gives. It is rather meant *not* to isolate you from surrounding nature. And nature is necessarily there, in the form of a miniature garden which conveys the impression of a whole landscape. To say that the house is open with large windows on the garden side is misleading; in fact, on that side the house has no walls at all: it is all glass, sliding doors of glass. You feel as if the garden were literally invading the house.

My friend Suzuki works with an engineering firm in Tokyo. Although I have known him for many years, I can never refrain from a feeling of wonder when I consider his way of life, or I should rather say his ways of life; for he has, so to say, two ways of life, nay, two lives. Watch him in the morning, when the time has come for him to go to his office downtown. He has just been sleeping on the mats, then squatting on the mats again to eat a breakfast of bean soup, rice, and dried fish; but when he passes the wooden gate of his house, he

enters a different style of life. He leaves a house in which every detail remains as it existed in the feudal period, when Japan was another world cut out from the rest of the planet. But in front of that house he finds waiting for him his American car. Bridging with ease the gulf between the Middle Ages and modern times, Mr. Suzuki drives his car to his office through the intense traffic of modern Tokyo, under elevated

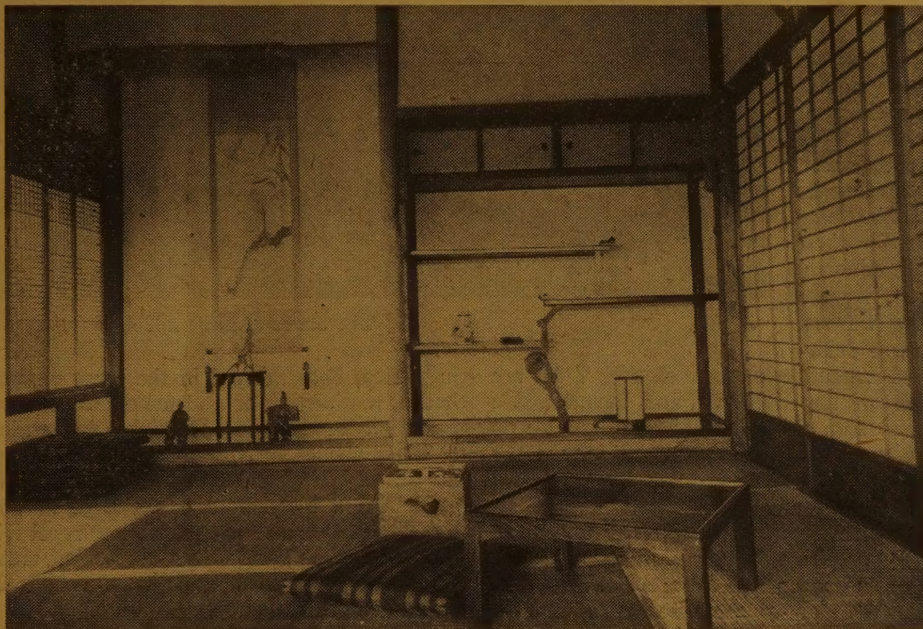
electric railway lines, along modern avenues flanked by high buildings. He finally reaches a ten-storey building of steel and concrete just as modern as the latest in the United States. There he finds himself in an entirely western atmosphere. There are steel armchairs and metal desks, teleprinters and long-distance telephone calls, company meetings about mine and factory production, statistics produced by electronic machines.

About six o'clock at night Mr. Suzuki comes home, and once again there is a small revolution. It begins with a queer and brief performance: Mr. Suzuki loudly drops his shoes at his very doorstep.

There is something symbolic in that; it implies that everything foreign and western should be left outside the house. Stepping on the *tatamis* (that is, the straw mats) in his socks, Mr. Suzuki disappears into the screened recesses of his many-screened house.

He goes as a western gentleman; he reappears as a *samurai*. I mean that he comes back dressed in a traditional man's kimono. Gone are the collar and the necktie, the grey tailored suit and all that was western. Even when a foreigner like myself has been invited for dinner, Mr. Suzuki will spend the rest of the day dressed in comfortable and elegant silk and cotton garments. He has forgotten his modern office in modern Tokyo; the western life has been discarded and everything is again in the pure Japanese tradition—beginning with pretty Mrs. Suzuki, also dressed in her kimono. Even the musical background given by the radio—the only western gadget admitted inside the room—is Japanese, a plaintive tune on the three-string instrument called the *shamisen*. And we find ourselves sitting cross-legged on the *tatamis*, eating *à la japonaise*, with raw fish to begin the meal.

Having travelled through many lands in Asia and the rest of the world, I have found no country where the modern non-western citizen manages so well to keep his traditional way of life protected from the impact of western civilisation. I have given an example in the life of Mr. Suzuki, which is Japanese at home and foreign-style at his office. But in Japan the whole process of



The sitting-room of a Japanese house: 'wood all round, with sliding doors of glass'



A Japanese, in western clothes, leaving his suburban home for his office in Tokyo



adaptation, or rather duplication of ways of life, is much more developed and examples could be given by hundreds. The striking discovery one makes in Japan is that, from swimming styles to ways of drinking tea, they have two versions for almost everything, a Japanese version and a western version. There are two kinds of theatre, two kinds of painting, two kinds of cooking, two kinds of dance, two kinds of music. Japanese writers write western-style plays. But the traditional Japanese theatre is very much alive.

The Japanese have constantly this choice between what is their own and what is imported. They have two styles of restaurants, Japanese style and foreign style. They have two sorts of hotels, Japanese hotels where you sleep on the *tatamis* and western-style hotels where you sleep in beds—and the examples can be multiplied indefinitely. A foreigner will find in Japan, at least in the cities, nearly everything he needs for his own western way of life. Some visitors believe that it is there for their own convenience, for the small minority of foreign residents or tourists. They are completely mistaken: everything western is there for the use of the Japanese themselves. For the Japanese have, I repeat, two ways of life. They are constantly going back and forth from the traditional and Japanese side of their life to the western and modern side of it. They do it with no apparent effort, like Mr. Suzuki passing with perfect grace from the straw mats of his wooden house to the tenth floor of his steel and concrete building where he has his office.

In other countries I have found the traditions of the land upset and corrupted by imported novelties, or the two things mixed up: the Asian way of life and the western one. I can remember many instances, from the palace of an Indian maharajah to the home of a Chinese family, when the mixture was disastrous, at least from the point of view of art and good taste. Nothing was left that was purely Indian or Chinese, nor was there anything genuinely western—but only a sad *mélange* caused by uncritical adoption of foreign imports. I will not say that that never happens in Japan, but in general there is a remarkable tendency among the Japanese to avoid mixing what is Japanese and what is foreign.

I have often wondered whether in the world of tomorrow it will be possible to find anywhere a genuinely original culture or a national way of life. The spread of western civilisation, or at least of material progress as conceived by the West, may, I fear, adulterate or even destroy all non-western cultures. The citizen of Java or the black man



The centre of modern Tokyo

in Africa, both dressed in the same western suit and living in similar houses reminiscent of a London suburban villa, will have become living imitations of their distant models in London, Paris, or New York.

What should be the attitude of the country that is subject to the impact of the West? Must she accept this invasion as a form of progress and a blessing, and exchange her own way of life for that of the West? Or must she attempt to repel it? Or seek a middle solution, accepting some things from the West, refusing the rest? What happens in most cases is an attempt to marry the West with the East—and the result is a poor mixture.

As we have seen in the home of the Suzukis in Tokyo, Japan has to some extent found an answer to the problem. To summarise it, I would make a comparison. I am a Frenchman and I speak the French language, but I have found it extremely useful to know English and I have learned to speak it as my second language. I do not mix one language with the other; words of my mother-tongue do not get mixed up in my acquired English unless on purpose. The Japanese are, so to say, a people who speak two civilisations, or rather act two civilisations. They practise both, but they do not mix them. When, roughly a hundred years ago, the West forced open the doors of ancient Japan, the hermit nation, what did the Japanese do? Reject the West? Or accept only a part of it? No, they took it in wholesale, and at the same time they did their best to avoid discarding anything Japanese and replacing it with something imported from the West. More or less unconsciously, they began living two different lives, on two planes, the Japanese and the western. Like people who are bi-linguists, they started, so to speak, being bi-civilised.

I am tempted to conclude from the Japanese experience that man is unexpectedly versatile and supple. He not only can speak two different languages but he can live two different cultures, without necessarily spoiling one by the other. Maybe the Japanese example is an answer to the problem I have been talking about. Personally, I would be sorry if, in the world of tomorrow, the Eskimo in Greenland or the South Sea Islander were both to be men with collars and neckties.—*Home Service*



A formal tea-party, Japanese style

Mr. George Kennan, the American historian and diplomat, is to give the B.B.C. Reith Lectures in 1957. The subject of his lectures will be international relations in the age of nuclear fission. The title and further details will be announced later. Mr. Kennan is Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, and among his books are, *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20*, Vol. 1: *Russia Leaves the War* (reviewed on page 799); *American Diplomacy, 1900-50*; etc. He was American Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., 1952-53.



# Impressions of South Africa

By SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL

I AM going to pass on some of the impressions I have brought back from the Union of South Africa. I am not such an idiot as to suppose that in one talk I can give a comprehensive picture of what is happening in the Union, especially as I have no idea how much you know about the back history, or how and why Europeans, coloured peoples, Asians, and Africans are living—I was going to say 'together' but that would not be the right word—are situated in proximity to each other in the southern part of Africa.

Most of the Europeans in the Cape Peninsula—surely one of the most beautiful areas of mountain and blue sea in the world—are British in origin and sentiment. But South Africa is at present governed by the Nationalist Party, most of whose members are of Dutch origin. As I moved about amongst these English-speaking people at the Cape, what they said in effect was this: 'We British are supposed to have won the Boer War. Maybe it was not a very moral war, but the defeated were treated generously and a sincere attempt was made to build up an Anglo-Dutch South African nation. Now the Nationalists are out to make South Africa an Afrikaans-speaking Republic and to squeeze everyone who is British out of the picture. We want to retain the British connection; they don't'. These people are anxious about the future and their apprehensions are increased by the vigour and energy with which the Nationalist Government is pressing on with its policy of *apartheid*.

## Insoluble Problem?

You cannot be many hours in Africa without realising that the racial question is becoming more and more the great issue of the day as the Nationalists push forward relentlessly with *apartheid*. One of my friends said that Smuts had told him that in his opinion the racial problem was strictly speaking insoluble and the less one did about it the better. The only hope was that time would somehow or other produce a solution, or at any rate a working compromise.

That is not the present Government's view. The Nationalist leaders I talked to were able men and the impression they left on me was that they are proud of the fact that they are not running away from the racial problem. 'What we want', they told me, 'and what we intend to have, is a white South Africa'. 'I believe', one of the leaders said, 'that every state in Africa may go black but one will *not* and that is ours'.

They know that the labour of the African is essential to the economic life of this growing and expanding country and they rely on the undoubted fact that the standard of living of the African in the Union is almost certainly higher than in any other part of Africa. This fact, they hope, will discourage the African from political action designed to remove him from his inferior status under *apartheid*. As an insurance policy against African political ambitions the Nationalists have a number of formidable forces at their disposal. They have the arms, the armed forces and the police: they have the elaborate legislation of *apartheid* which says exactly what an African may do and may not do, where he may live; where he may not and where he may sit in public; how he may travel; whom he may marry; and so forth. But what I call the secret weapon of the Nationalists is the fact that—apart from a handful of Europeans who belong to the Liberal Party—the European political opponents of the Nationalists are mostly sympathetic to the general idea of *apartheid* or segregation of the races. Over and over again I used to say: 'You don't like the Nationalists. Do you then favour the idea of the multi-racial policy which is being tried out in Rhodesia and the East African Territories further north?'

The short answer was always a 'No!'. Then I used to say: 'What you really want is *apartheid* without blood and tears. You *will* the end, but, unlike the Nationalists, you shrink from the means'.

After listening to a United Party ex-Minister attacking the Nationalists and deploring the growing racial tension, I said: 'Why don't you come out 100 per cent. against the principle of *apartheid*?'. He replied: 'It would smash our party to do so'. For what my opinion is worth, I think he may be wrong. A young Dutchman with whom I stayed a night and who happened to be a United Party supporter said to me:

'Our party is going to lose the next election anyhow. We might as well do it on a worth-while issue by opposing *apartheid*'.

One long, sunny, afternoon I sat beneath the shade of a great oak tree with the Archbishop of Cape Town. I little guessed as I listened to this man of great experience in African affairs that death was about to lay its hand on his shoulder. As the shadows lengthened in the incredibly beautiful 250-year-old garden of Bishop's Court, the Archbishop told me of his grave disquiet about the latest *apartheid* move, which is a law to give the Minister of Native Affairs the power to forbid Africans to worship in European churches. This, the Archbishop felt, was a move by the State to impose conditions upon the worship of Christ which the Church must and would resist, regardless of the cost. His last act before he died was to sign a letter to the Minister explaining why, if the Bill became law, the Bishops must for conscience's sake disobey the law. Since then the Bill has been passed. This may become a tremendous issue.

## Apprehension in the Countryside

As I travelled north towards Johannesburg, staying at sheep farms on the veld, I found some apprehension in the countryside. I was told over and over again that up to a year or so ago the African in the countryside was untouched by the racial question. In wicked places like Johannesburg there was always trouble, but not on the vast expanses of the veld—whose subtle fascination absolutely seduced me, and I confess I shall not be happy unless I can go back again to those huge expanses of ocean-like land. But now, said these farmers, there was an atmosphere—things seemed to be happening in the countryside, but exactly what they were no one could tell me. 'The fact is, Commander', said a man who farms 120,000 acres, 'we damned well don't know exactly what the Bantu is thinking about, but some of us who have known him for a long time have an idea he is thinking about more than beer and women'.

At one farm a party was given for me and seventy people turned up at 7 p.m. and the last left at 4 a.m., at which hour my energetic hostess and I fished glasses out of a lily pool. We sat beneath a huge African moon as relays of African women, moving with the grace of Greek goddesses, brought food grilled on a huge wood fire. Many of the guests had motored 100 miles and one incredible man had flown 500 miles and motored 200 miles to come to the party. As a lifelong teetotaler with an indefatigable desire to find out what people are thinking about, I had a glorious time cross-examining, say, X at 10 p.m. and then tackling him again at 2.30 a.m. One could write a book about that long, gay night and not only about what they said to me but what they said to each other. Over and over again someone would say to me 'Do you think we are sitting on a volcano in this country?' The question seemed to me to supply its own answer.

## A Land Larger than Life

I danced that night with a charming woman, smartly dressed. Ten days earlier there had been a nasty accident on their farm and several Africans had been badly cut about. The nearest doctor—thirty miles away—was unobtainable. This girl and her two sisters-in-law had sallied forth with disinfectant—designed, I believe, for sheep—darning needles and thick thread and sewed up the wounds. Both the Africans and the doctor, some days later, were pleased with the result. The South African European women are beautiful and, like their men, can be tough. You have to be tough, you have to have guts, to grapple with Africa. It is larger than life and not at all fully tamed.

At another farm my hostess said: 'I don't know what to do about it.' We then discussed for an hour whether it was wrong for her son, aged ten, to bathe in the same swimming pool with an African boy, aged fourteen, who was his companion, or perhaps one should call him his aide-de-camp. As a baby her little boy was looked after by an African nannie, but at what age does the colour-bar start to operate?

(continued on page 795)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on nuclear tests

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of *THE LISTENER*, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in *THE LISTENER* consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Royal Visit to Denmark

**N**EXT week Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are paying a State visit to Denmark. This is the Queen's first visit to Denmark, but during the last two years she has paid State visits to Norway and Sweden so that she thus completes State visits to the three democratic Scandinavian kingdoms, which are linked with ourselves by history, tradition, political structure, and culture. Less than 1,000 years ago a Danish King ruled over England, as well as over Norway, and a Viking Empire bestrode northern Europe. When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh land from the royal yacht *Britannia* they will see, like many other visitors before them, the famous bronze figure of the 'Little Mermaid' upon a rock, the fictional creation of Hans Andersen, gazing pensively upon the sea. It is tempting to imagine that the Mermaid is contemplating the past greatness of the country which, like Portugal, also recently visited by our Queen, was once an empire and now fulfils a more modest political role. In 1017 the Danes ruled England; in 1397 by the Union of Kalmar they became the dominating power in Scandinavia; and it was not until 1660 that they lost control of the Baltic Sound and confessed inferiority to the Swedes with whom they battled for many years. (It is interesting to reflect how neighbours have fought, English and Scots, French and Germans, Spaniards and Portuguese, Danes and Swedes, throughout much of modern European history.) In 1814 Denmark lost Norway to Sweden and in 1864 Slesvig and Holstein to Germany. Denmark still retains sovereignty over the Faroes and Greenland, though Greenland was granted self-governing rights in 1953.

Today Denmark has a population of over 4,000,000, less than the population of London. One-quarter of the population lives in Copenhagen or its neighbourhood in the island of Zealand. Economically, Denmark exemplifies Dr. Toynbee's doctrine of challenge and response. With its scattered islands and lack of mineral wealth it might be expected to be a poverty-stricken country. But over the years it has built up a flourishing agriculture. It has some of the best bacon factories and lager beer breweries in the world. Actually today only about a quarter of the population is directly engaged in agriculture, but the law hampers the creation of large farms and there are about 100,000 small-holdings and 100,000 medium-size holdings in the country. The small-holders are largely dependent for their prosperity on the price of eggs and bacon and with the increasing amount of autarky in Europe since the war, with raising of tariffs, the imposition of quotas and the subsidisation of national agricultures, including our own, things have not been easy for them, even if that seems paradoxical in a world which we have been so often told is short of food. In fact our Ministry of Agriculture is, one suspects, about as popular there as the memory of Lord Nelson who attacked the Danish fleet in Copenhagen harbour.

The Danes are a cultured people. The bookshops in Copenhagen are full of the books of all the nations of the world. English is commonly read and spoken, and our literature is as familiar to them as Hans Andersen is to us. The Danes have a fine Royal Ballet; the Queen will see a gala performance at the Royal Theatre next Wednesday. They are also celebrated for their porcelain—the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will go to the royal porcelain factory, as well as to a brewery. The Danes have an older system of universal education and an older 'welfare state' than our own. A progressive people, they have no need to sigh over their days of past political greatness. As we know to our cost, being a 'Great Power' imposes burdens as well as responsibilities and does not necessarily conduce to happiness.

THE ANNIVERSARY of V.E.-Day, the meeting of the Supreme Soviet, and the recent Nato meeting in Bonn were all occasions used by the Soviet and satellite propaganda to discuss the danger from nuclear explosions.

On May 10 the Supreme Soviet passed a resolution calling on the British Parliament and the United States Congress to help to bring an immediate halt to nuclear tests. The resolution followed a speech by the Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko who, according to Moscow radio, said that so long as the United States and Britain continued their tests, Russia would also do so.

The same point was made in the Soviet reply, on May 12, to the Japanese Note which protested against the carrying out by the Soviet Union without warning of nuclear tests, and which called upon her to end them. On May 10 the Federal German Lower House passed a resolution calling on Britain, the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union to stop tests for a limited period.

A Moscow home broadcast accused the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation of aiming to 'convert West Germany into the main atomic arsenal of this bloc', and added:

The atomic rearmament of West Germany cannot fail to cause corresponding measures to be taken to ensure the security of those countries against which West Germany is being armed.

Other Moscow broadcasts claimed that Dr. Adenauer had asked for atomic weapons for the West German army. One Moscow broadcast spoke of 'the fear of the Atlantic politicians in face of the public reaction' to Mr. Bulganin's recent messages. Publicity was given to calls for an end to nuclear tests by British Labour M.P.s, and to John Gollan's article in *Pravda* stating that the British Communist Party's main task was the campaign to stop nuclear tests and production. The menace of nuclear war to Germany in particular was the subject of many East German broadcasts.

An Order of the Day by Marshal Zhukov on V.E.-Day, broadcast by Moscow radio, spoke of Soviet efforts to promote peace being 'obstructed by the aggressive policy of imperialist governments'. Hence, the Soviet Union was 'doing everything to increase the defence potential of our country'. *Pravda* was quoted as alleging that 'the very same imperialist monopolies' which were responsible for Hitler's emergence and for two world wars, were now threatening the peoples with an even more devastating war. Satellite leaders used V.E.-Day to stress the threat of atomic war and of West German aggression.

In an interview with *The New York Times*, published on May 11, Mr. Khrushchev expressed his desire to visit the U.S.A. for a talk with President Eisenhower. However, if the Americans still insisted on the liberation of east Europe, it would take 200 years or more before the Soviet Union and the United States came together. 'On these matters [he said] we are inflexible'. If the Soviet Union could reach agreement with the United States, she ought to be able to do the same with Britain and other Powers. After dismissing the problem of Germany as one that should be left to the East and West Germans, Mr. Khrushchev said any European settlement might entail setting up a 'continuing body' dominated by the United States and the Soviet Union. This, he said, would obviously mean the dissolution of Nato. The United Nations was not important at present, because of the dominant role in it of the United States. Finally, Mr. Khrushchev said that it was an indisputable fact that the United States and her allies contemplated an aggressive war against the Soviet Union and its allies.

On May 10 Moscow radio announced that the Supreme Soviet had unanimously approved Mr. Khrushchev's plan to reorganise the administration of Russian industry, involving the replacement of twenty ministries in Moscow by ninety regional economic councils. In his speech broadcast by Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev spoke of the 'convenience' of the Ministry of Coal being moved to Kemerovo: that of oil to Ufa or Kazan, and that of iron and steel to the Urals. From India, *The Indian Express* was quoted as saying:

Viewed from the international angle, the Khrushchev plan may be part of the preparation for the contingency of a third world war. Administrative decentralisation has inevitably to follow the dispersion of industry, which has now become unavoidable. And it is wise to forestall it when such decentralisation has a valuable political advantage at home.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE FOUR INNS OF COURT

'THREE AND A HALF CENTURIES AGO', said SIR NORMAN BIRKETT in 'Town and Country', 'Ben Jonson remarked in one of his plays that the Inns of Court were "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the Kingdom". They were then what might be called the four colleges of a great residential university, training men not only for the legal profession but for every department of social and public life. Today they confine themselves to legal education, and may justly claim to be one of the oldest and one of the greatest English institutions in London.

'The four Inns of Court which flourish today are the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. Everybody knows their names, but few people know what they do, or what they represent. Their origins are not fully known because the very earliest records have been lost; but it is known that all the Inns were in existence as early as the fourteenth century. They are called Inns probably because of their original residential character.

'If you turn off the Embankment or the Strand into Middle Temple Lane you will find yourself in the Temple. This is the home of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple. It is called the Temple because this was once the home of the religious Order of the Templars. Within a century after the tragic fall of the Templars, the lawyers had become possessed of the Temple, and very gradually grew to great power and influence.

'If you turn off Chancery Lane, which connects Fleet Street with High Holborn, you will find yourself in Lincoln's Inn; and the gateway of Gray's Inn opens on to High Holborn itself. They are all equal in status, and all fulfil the same functions. The form of their government, too, is substantially the same. The Inner Temple and Gray's Inn were virtually destroyed during the war, but they have now been rebuilt; and all the four Inns possess among their buildings most beautiful halls, where all the members of the Inn meet together for ceremonial purposes, and share in the corporate life.

'By the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Inns of Court were in complete control of the legal education of students who wished to become barristers, and had acquired the exclusive right to call students to the Bar, and allow them to practise in the King's Courts. How they acquired this valuable right is not known, but today it is still the Benchers, and not the Judges, who grant the right of audience in the Queen's Courts. The legal profession has two main divisions, the solicitors and the barristers, and the barristers are subject in all matters of discipline to the General Council of the Bar and the Benchers of the four Inns of Court.

'No one can become a barrister unless he or she first becomes a student at one of the four Inns of Court and

passes certain prescribed examinations. The legal year is divided into four terms—Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity; and a student must "keep" as it is called, twelve of these terms, spread over three years, before he or she can be called to the Bar. A student "keeps" a term by dining in Hall, with a certain amount of ancient ceremony, on a certain number of days in each term'.

## A PILLAR OF THE BAND OF HOPE

OSBERT WYNDHAM HEWETT spoke about Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, in a talk in the North of England Home Service. 'A bigoted teetotaler', he said, 'she formed Bands of Hope in every village on the Naworth estates, and things were scarcely pleasant for any of the tenants or cottagers who were faithful to their pint of beer. The next thing was to convert her husband, who was too good a host to refuse alcohol to the guests at his table. At last at a meeting where 299 had signed the pledge, she persuaded him to be the three hundredth to make it a round figure. It was not long before she got him to agree to banish all strong drink from the castle. By an odd coincidence the visits of his bohemian painter friends almost entirely stopped at about the same time.

'When her husband entered the House of Lords he was easily persuaded to hand over the entire control of all the estates to so efficient an administrator as his wife, who at once began to close every public house on the whole 78,000 acres. Some of the publicans put up a desperate struggle, but in the end the new Countess won, though it cost the estate a fortune. Lady Carlisle sincerely believed that all her intentions were for the benefit of mankind. She was a pioneer in the field of rehousing the cottagers, was keenly interested in education, in the preservation of open spaces for the public, and could be extremely open-handed, that is if the recipient were intelligent enough to realise that she was infallible. She encouraged sport and sent first-rate men to coach the budding cricketers in all her villages. As usual, she had her own views on sport too, and if any of her cricketers hit a boundary, they had to run their six runs, since their benefactress did not approve of their standing in front of their wickets, just gazing about.

'With George's succession to the title, Rosalind found herself also chatelaine of Vanbrugh's masterpiece, Castle Howard. Its classical magnificence never had the same appeal for her as her romantic Border home. As soon as Castle Howard came under her control, Rosalind inspected the cellars and found quantities of very powerful old ale which she promptly had emptied into the lake. The legend of her doing the same with the wine is not quite exact. On becoming Lady Carlisle she had found the encum-



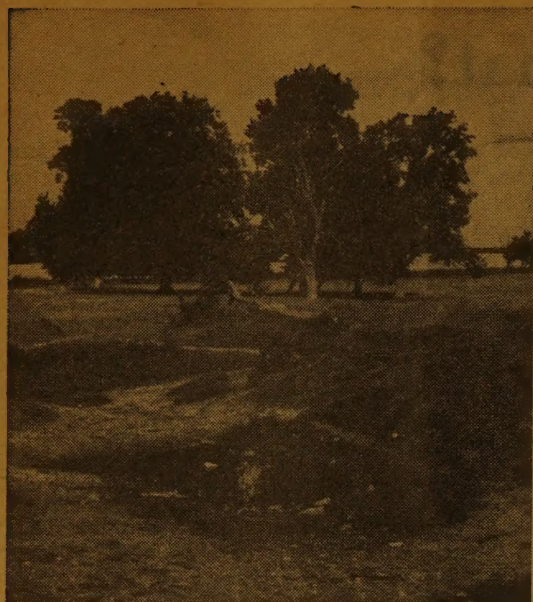
Restored buildings in Middle Temple Lane—



—and Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn

B. O. Hopps





A spring which is one of the sources of Thames, at Kemble, south of Cirencester

chose to exert it, her enthusiastic conviction carried a large part of her audiences with her, but her antagonists made great capital out of her conception of democracy, which seemed to them rather a definite Rosalind autocracy.

'In 1904 her eldest son, Lord Morpeth, showed considerable courage by entering parliament on his father's side. In 1911 Lord Carlisle died, and his eldest son a year later. The 1914-18 war saw the end of most of Rosalind's activities. Though she detested the Coalition Government, she loyally supported the war effort. Rosalind's death in August 1921 proved, however, that even dead she could exert her power. The greater part of the estate was left away from the title, to the son and daughters who had accepted her views'.

### IN PRAISE OF THE THAMES

'The Thames', said SIR ALAN HERBERT in a General Overseas Service talk, 'we must confess is a very small river, 220 statute miles from its source to the sea. But then Britain is a very small country, less than 300 miles across, and the river is mighty in our eyes—as well as in our history.'

'You would not think we thought so much of it if you visited the source, as you should if you can. If you are touring in the West Country, stop after lunch at the charming old Gloucestershire town in the Cotswold Hills which is spelled Cirencester and pronounced, by the old folk, Sissiter. Then drive about three miles along the Tetbury Road. "Thames Head", the official source, is a short walk through meadows from the road. You will find at last a single ash tree in a hollow. You will find it because someone with a pocket-knife has crudely carved upon the tree the letters "T.H."—"Thames Head". At the foot of the tree is a small stony hole, from which, in the winter, you will see the ancestral trickle of the Thames emerging.

'This is the original spring of our greatest and best-beloved river. You can imagine what the ancient Greeks or the modern Americans would have done with it. (By the way, I would do the same.) There would be a Palladian colonnade, fringed with cypresses or yew: there would be inscriptions on the stones: and in the centre, a marble bowl or a pool from which the spring would bubble ceremoniously—even in summer, I suspect, when it was really dry. But here in England, the land of understatement, the sacred spot is marked by two letters on a single tree: and, if he wished, I believe the farmer on whose land it grows could cut down the great tree tomorrow for firewood.

'From the source to Cricklade in Wiltshire, where navigation, of a sort, begins, is about ten miles, and to Oxford is another forty miles. This stretch of the

branches on the estate were enormous. Every form of economy in the actual management was immediately introduced, and she ran them magnificently herself with very little help.

'Lady Carlisle's next passion was women's suffrage, which she took up as ardently as she had done Home Rule and teetotalism, in fact the beginning of the century saw her established as one of the great leaders on all three subjects. A clever speaker with great charm, when she

river is unique in beauty and peace, but is little known even to Englishmen. Under high banks the river winds through green country, amazingly uninhabited, except by cattle and swans, kingfishers, magpies, and herons. Often you cannot see, in the distance even, a single human habitation, or a single human being, and except for the occasional camper or small boat you might imagine yourself in the upper reaches of some kindlier Amazon. Even when you come to a lock it is like a tiny inhabited island in a calm green ocean: and the lock-keeper will tell you that he shops at a village two miles away, which you cannot even see. Yet all the way you come upon names that are known to poetry—Matthew Arnold and the rest—Radcot, Kelmscott, and Bablock Hythe: there are Trout Inns and Swan Inns and Anchor Inns—and that famous and delightful house of rest The Rose Revived.

'From Oxford to Teddington, the lower end of the Upper River, where the tide begins, is ninety miles, with thirty locks. The nearer to London the more the bungalows and industrial buildings and water-traffic: but even in the crowded lower reaches on a sunny day there is much to please, the tumbling weirs, the bright lock gardens, fine old houses and stately trees, the colour and bustle and gaiety of many different kinds of craft. And, though this is not a fashionable taste, I like myself to steam along beside the suburban rows of bungalows and summer villas, trim lawns, and brilliant flowers, boat-houses, dovecots, lily-ponds, brown children bathing, the housewife in her hammock.

In the upper waters there are enchanting scenes of beauty and repose too numerous to list, reaches fenced or backed by richly wooded hills or dotted with jungle islands, and everything in sight so unspoiled and peaceful that it is impossible to remember one is but a few miles from London and in a country with a population of 750 persons to the square mile—the Cliveden Woods at Taplow, the Henley Reach, the Mapledurham Reach, and the reach above Pangbourne with those beautiful woods. Then there are Sonning Lock, and Marsh Lock, and others famous for their gardens. We must not forget the noble works of man: the view of Windsor Castle—a magnificent view—as you come down the river, Eton College from Romney Lock, Medmenham Abbey, the Palace at Hampton Court, and many fine houses fronting the river or tucked away in the hills; ancient churches and bridges everywhere. Any or all of this you can enjoy in many ways. The lazy but delightful way is to take passage in a steamer from Kingston to Oxford.

'But now we must get back to Teddington—or Tidington, as it used to be called. Here ends the Thames proper and the rule of the Thames Conservancy which, by the way, celebrates its centenary this year; London River begins and the Port of London Authority takes over. Here, every day, at least 170,000,000 gallons of water roar over the famous weir into the tideway. Teddington is nineteen miles west of London Bridge, and even Britons do not always realise that the surge of the sea comes through their capital and far beyond'.



Sunset on the Thames at Battersea Bridge, London



## The Indian Mutiny—I

## The 'Mutiny' Reconsidered

SURENDRA NATH SEN gives the first of three talks

**W**HEN the Mutiny broke out it was strongly suspected that there was a country-wide conspiracy behind it. The entire sepoy army was, according to a preconceived plan, to rise simultaneously on an appointed day at an appointed hour.

The leaders of this conspiracy included Nana Sahib of Bithur, the Rani of Jhansi, Bahadur Shah of Delhi, and Ali Naki Khan the quondam Minister of Oudh. Their message was circulated among the people of northern and central India in the form of chapatty, or unleavened bread, the staple food of the common man. But there is no evidence that the Mutiny was planned by any disaffected leaders or that the chapatty conveyed any specific meaning to its recipients.

Lord Canning's rhetoric about a small cloud left a lasting impression and most of his countrymen ran away with the idea that the Mutiny had come as a bolt from the blue. But a few warning gales had indeed preceded the storm. There were mutinies before the Mutiny: they differed in magnitude but not in essence. Velu Thampi attempted a *coup d'état* in Travancore, the primitive Santals rose in protest against the sales law, the Chuars of Midnapore and the Paiks of Orissa measured their swords and spears against bullets and bayonets in defence of their feudal rights, and one common feature marked all these outbreaks—dislike of the existing order.

Nor were the troubles limited to the civil population only. The army betrayed signs of restlessness more than once and not only the indigenous sepoy but the more dependable white troops gave evidence of indiscipline and mutinous propensities. The mutiny at Vellore had assumed alarming proportions and it had been preceded by a white mutiny. When Lord Canning came to India the atmosphere was surcharged with distrust and discontent.

Mainuddin Hasan hit the nail on the head when he said that the Englishman forgot that he was a foreigner in India. He did not understand the Indian psychology and the Indian misunderstood his motives. There was nothing common between the rulers and the ruled. A foreign government from its very nature fails to enlist popular support; it can at best command passive obedience and that obedience has to be enforced at the point of the sword. The English rulers failed to recognise that the very existence of their government was an affront to national sentiment. Luckily for them India was still a geographical expression; only a few educated Indians in the metropolitan cities were vaguely influenced by national concepts, and between them and the rural masses there stretched a wide gulf of intellectual difference.

Moreover the East India Company at first affected to act as the agents of the indigenous powers. They did not immediately stand forth as the rulers of the land. In the south they ruled apparently on behalf of the Nawab of the Carnatic. In the three eastern provinces of Bengal, Bihar, and Orissa their power was derived, in theory at least, from a firman or charter of the Emperor of Delhi. They still continued to utilise native talent in the administration of law and justice, and native ambition still found a congenial outlet in the service of the state, but the dual government could not continue for ever and the East India Company had to assume openly the responsibilities of ruling the country. There followed a social and economic revolu-

tion that affected the entire population under their government.

The English rulers naturally looked to their own country for a model of good government. They could not be blamed if they were influenced in their revenue policy by Ricardo and not by Todarmal. They could not of course think of implanting democratic institutions in an oriental country but they subscribed to the Benthamite ideal of the greatest good of the greatest number, which in their view was not

inconsistent with a despotic government. The missionary had long been excluded from the Company's territories, but with the advent of the evangelists a policy of religious neutrality was no longer practicable. The government as such did not commit itself to the propagation of the Gospel but its more devout servants could not ignore Christ's injunction to render unto God what was God's.

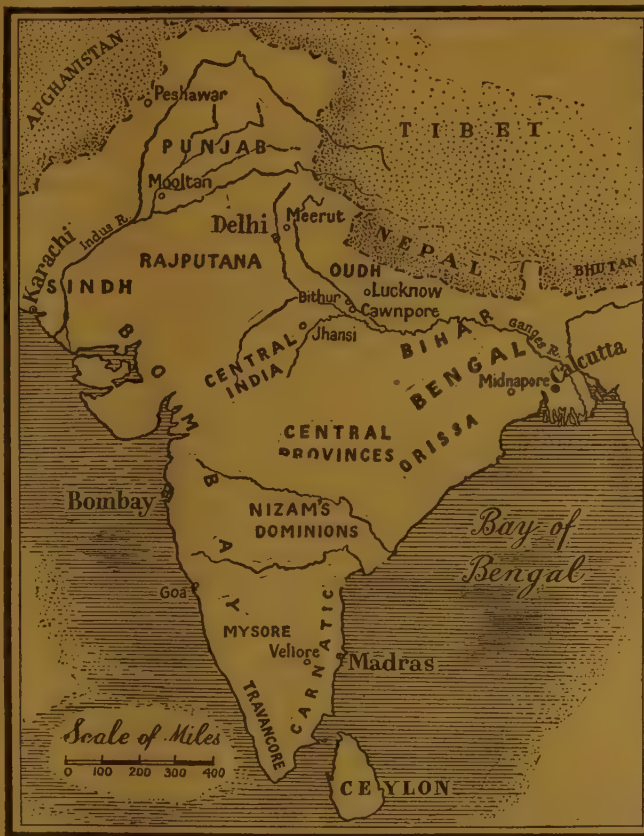
Thus were the Indian masses confronted with a western invasion which threatened everything they cherished. The land settlement of Bird and Thomason deprived the landed nobility of their ancestral estates; the sales law and the complicated judicial system, in which professional lawyers played the leading role, placed the simple peasant at the mercy of the crafty money-lender. Excessive assessment harassed landlord and tenant alike. The learned classes, both Hindu and Muslim, lost their vocation and the social reforms of the liberal regime shocked orthodox opinion. The native States, the last asylum of the older order, were annexed one by one and a feeling of frustration pervaded all classes of society.

It was at this crisis that the slender link of social communion that formerly existed between the English and the Indian gradually disappeared. In the early days of the Company the

Governor General behaved as a peer of the country. He kept himself in close association with the aristocracy of the land. The high-ranking Englishman had his Indian titles and conformed to Indian etiquette. But gradually a spirit of exclusiveness intervened. The Englishman was no longer prepared to meet the Indian nobles on terms of equality and the Indian, offended by unmerited discourtesy, retired within his shell. The result was that the government lost all touch with public opinion.

This was probably inevitable. When a small minority rules over an overwhelming majority it must assume an air of moral and intellectual superiority and form itself into an exclusive caste. That was what the Brahman had done in the days of old and the British were playing the part of white Brahmans. While the Brahmans had demanded separate laws for themselves the British expected special privileges. Even the meanest of them had to hold his own against the best of the Indians or the spell would be lost and the alien minority would be swamped by mere pressure of numbers. There was no other choice. But social exclusiveness produced in course of time racial arrogance which could not but alienate the indigenous population. Its reaction on the Indian army was still more deplorable.

A despotic government derives its strength mainly from its army. In the Indo-British army the indigenous element vastly predominated. The white core was comparatively small and could not be quickly reinforced in an emergency. The sepoy was a confessed mercenary.



India at the time of the Mutiny, which took place 100 years ago



As he himself asserted, he enlisted for the sake of the stomach. He was prepared to serve any master provided the terms were attractive, and the Company was reputed to be a good paymaster. As was inevitable, the pay and prospects of the sepoy did not compare favourably with those of his white comrade-in-arms. There was no hill station for him in the summer and merit did not count in matters of promotion. He was normally overworked and involved in debt. But his was an honourable profession and he took a legitimate pride in the records of his regiment. It was a privilege to serve under heaven-born generals like Lake and Ochterlony and the old men transmitted the stories of their prowess to the young recruits. In the early days there was a spirit of comradeship between the Indian sepoy and the British officer. The officer took an active interest in his welfare, shared his joys and sorrows, entertained him at nautches and invited him to join his hunting excursions. His door was always open to his men, but the sepoy soon discovered that the old spirit of tolerance and sympathy disappeared with the old officers. A new generation came that had no respect for his grey beard and no tolerance for his superstition. He did not care to learn his language and the high-born Brahman and Mussulman trooper winced under the lashing of his discourteous tongue. No longer could he expect a sympathetic hearing from his commander, and the arrogance of the young subaltern hurt him sorely. Just as the civilian was out of touch with public opinion, the military officer also lost that intimate contact with his men.

The sepoy knew that the stability of the government depended on his loyalty. The British soldiers were few in number. They were posted at far-off stations and could not operate efficiently in the hot seasons of the year. The sepoy felt that his services had not been properly appreciated. According to his way of thinking he had unquestioningly bled for his masters in the distant corners of the country, had fought their wars in Afghanistan, Burma, and Nepal, and conquered for them a mighty empire and had been repaid with scorn, contempt, and ingratitude. In the good faith of the government he had no confidence, as on more than one occasion the government had been guilty of breach of faith, and with a new generation of officers definitely unsympathetic he felt that he had no reason to be loyal to his employers.

If there was no bond of nationalism between different regions of India the people were loosely held by ties of religion and in a feudal society the personal loyalty to the baron and chief of the clan was still a living force. This was wrongly underestimated when Oudh, the home province of the sepoy, was annexed in the name of good government. To the man in the street this was the height of ingratitude and treachery. The victim was a loyal and staunch friend who had done the aggressors no wrong and the sepoy henceforth felt absolved from all obligations. When it was rumoured that the Christian government now aimed at nothing less than his religion, the sepoys determined to frustrate its evil designs at any cost. The government stood on its prestige. It knew that the greased cartridge which offended the sepoy could not be guaranteed pure but they could not persuade themselves to confess their unintentional error. Any concession might affect discipline, and some over-zealous officers hastened the process by an indiscreet threat of violence.

Thus began the Mutiny. The mutineers placed themselves under the titular Emperor of Delhi and thus invested the movement with a legal sanction, for in theory the Emperor was still the legitimate overlord of the *de facto* rulers. The disaffected landlords and their retainers ranged themselves on the side of the rebels and the Mutiny assumed the character of a war of independence. It was not a national movement. The south remained absolutely quiescent, the west witnessed a few minor risings, the educated minority condemned the Mutiny in no uncertain terms, and the Punjab poured its warlike hordes into the plains of northern India to put the hated Purbia, as the man from the east was called, in his place. Except in Oudh the movement lacked popular support. The people at large remained passive witnesses to what was going on and suffered equally at the hands of their countrymen and

the alien government. If one feudal chief rose to avenge his wrongs his personal rivals and enemies would with alacrity join hands with the British.

It would be wrong to revive the memory of the long-forgotten horrors. The Englishmen heard exaggerated stories of cruelty and in their turn perpetrated acts of incredible inhumanity. The revolt was suppressed with a high hand and the innocent suffered with the guilty until a halt was called from above. Nothing debases human character so much as war. Dr. Bartrum wrote to his mother that he used to be shocked by indiscriminate shooting but had gradually become callous to what was going on. Young soldiers like Roberts and Wood later learned to take a more sensible view of things but there were others who remained firm in their conviction that there was nothing too bad for the *pande*, as they called the rebel sepoy. Fortunately for humanity there were good men in both camps.

The immediate result of the revolt was a fresh lease of life for the princely order and a temporary cessation of reform activities. The Englishman never forgot that he was about to lose his Indian empire and the Indian noted that with able leadership and popular support the Mutiny might have proved a success. The least sign of military insubordination therefore upset the mental balance of the ruling race, and the Indian revolutionary never lost the hope of enlisting the co-operation of the army in this attempt to oust the foreign government.

Much has been written on the Mutiny and more will be written in future, but it will be long before the last word is said on the many controversial points connected with it. The source materials though voluminous are one-sided. Native accounts, few as they are, were written at the instance of British officers. Of the two chroniclers of the siege of Delhi, Mainuddin Hasan wrote at Metcalfe's request; Edwardes persuaded Mabarak Shah to take up his pen. Naturally they do not offer any index to the rebel psychology but among the official records of the Mutiny are found proclamations issued by the Mutiny leaders, and their correspondence. These documents were either ignored or were unknown to the British writers. The proclamations leave no doubt that the sepoy did not fight for his religion only, although that was his main slogan, but also against social and economic injustice inherent in foreign rule. He resented the abolition of suttee as much as the expropriation of old estates. He expressed his concern for the big merchant who had lost his trade and the small artisan who had lost his occupation.

The correspondence of the Rani of Jhansi amply proves that she had no truck with the sepoy and took charge of her districts at the express request of the British authorities. If she found it necessary to fight then it was because they were bent on finding a scapegoat for the Jhansi massacre. Two of Nana's letters in which he claims all responsibility for the Cawnpore killing have been brought to light. Sir John Kaye knew that the King of Delhi was anxious to restore old relations with the British, for the evidence is found among his notes and papers. The hitherto unnoticed Khairuddin-Muhammad Hasan correspondence goes to show that the nobles of Oudh fought for their king and not for their personal interest. But for the government the time was inopportune for a confession of error and the official historian deemed it impolitic to reveal the whole truth, while the politicians of the country would not fail to make capital of their lapses. The distrust and suspicion that caused the Mutiny were as natural as the blunders that fostered it were inevitable.

The time has come when we should frankly recognise that Jack Panday was not a heartless brute and Tommy Atkins was not a blood-thirsty demon. Both of them had a cause to fight for. The British rule had ushered in a revolution, the rebels strove to effect a counter-revolution.—*Third Programme*

The *Geographical Magazine* for May (price 2s. 6d.) contains an article by John Seymour entitled 'The Delta Plan: Holland's Next Offensive' which is illustrated by a photogravure supplement.



Rifle practice by sepoys before the outbreak of the Mutiny: vignette published as a frontispiece to *History of the Indian Campaign*, by Captain G. F. Atkinson of the Bengal Engineers



# Recollections of Wyndham Lewis

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

I CANNOT remember when I first met this extraordinary man. In a way I rather slid into meeting him, and coming to know him, and coming to recognise, to love, and to fear his extraordinary qualities. At Oxford in the nineteen-twenties I knew of Lewis; but like other undergraduates of the time read T. S. Eliot and made of Eliot of *The Waste Land* something of a hero of letters and of life. In Fleet Street as a young journalist I heard more of Lewis—more than I understood; I bought and read—they were easy to buy in those days, in Charing Cross Road—*Blast* and *The Enemy* and *The Tyro*, those more or less one-man magazines in which Lewis had roared down like Arthur o' Bower or a militant archangel upon a London of enfeebled art and letters. I saw strange early pictures by Lewis, at least reproductions of them, in another magazine which Herbert Read and Osbert Sitwell, I think, had founded and edited when they left the army after the first world war.

Then—for some reason or other, it may have been for a review I had written or because of *New Verse*, a small magazine I had started to beat the lights out of feeble and fashionable poetry and make room for something better—I was summoned to meet Lewis. Meeting by meeting, book by book, since I now kept appointments with his books, old and new, no less than with the writer, I came to have knowledge of a Hero of Intellect and Imagination.

Of course, one chooses one's heroes to some degree by temperament. For some of my friends and contemporaries the proper hero in the 'twenties and 'thirties was T. S. Eliot; for others it was the tender and tough and clear-sighted E. M. Forster. Yet in Lewis simply as a writer, simply in the words sculptured in a high, crisp relief across the page, there was a militancy and courage extremely attractive to any young rebelliousness of the mind. If art was something which was not merely a game, or merely cooked up by fashion or by the spirit of the age; if art mattered, then here, long before one understood all that he meant by art, was, clearer than a comet in a midnight sky, Art's Champion.

Meeting the champion made that certainty more certain, illuminated it, made it sparkle still more, and gave it entirely new dimensions. I would like to describe some of those meetings. Lewis, I should say first of all, had a certain bogey-man reputation, partly fostered and spread perhaps by persons he did not suffer gladly. The bogey-man was known to go, cautiously, in a black coat under a black sombrero—at least under a black, wide-brimmed, eye-concealing or eye-shadowing hat. He was big. His tongue, at least his printed word, was liable to be caustic, violent, savage—all the more so because it was never out of control. The meetings with this intimidating myth were all in London (Lewis was entirely a Londoner: London was the capital of the electricity of the mind. 'I have never found it safe', he remarked sardonically to me, 'to live more than two or three hundred yards away from Notting Hill Gate'); and seeing him in the flesh disposed of notions both of bully and bogey.

'The man I am to exact what is due to men', Lewis wrote in his long Byronic poem *One-Way Song*,

The man I am to exact it only with the pen.

I often thought Lewis was like a Christopher Marlowe, full of brave

sublunary things, but dowered, unlike Marlowe, with intelligence. Lewis would never have wasted time or life brawling in a Paddington pub.

Eyes which were sardonic and a little wicked, eyes at times greatly amused by the human spectacle, were revealed when the black hat was placed on a peg; the eyes, across the marble of a tea-room at the back of Charing Cross Road, of a man wanting to use his tongue again after an enormous burst of writing and painting, during which he would have shut himself away from interruption. The tongue went straight to immediate points, literary tactics, literary politics, clearance of the literary scrub. The tongue was funny, ironic. 'They won't let you review his book', the tongue said derisively of an eminent, semi-aristocratic author

I had not been allowed to make fun of in *The Morning Post*. 'Just whisper into their ear that he isn't what he pretends to be. Tell them his father was only an enriched drysalter'. The tongue turned away from such little affairs. Triggered by some unexpected word, such as drysalter, the tongue revelled, exulted and swooped, the tongue recalled, informed, instructed; the tongue, oblivious of undrinkable tea, talked of Goya or of Gogol, was eloquent, ironic, serious, illuminating and infinitely generous to the ears across the marble.

During one of these teas a man slumped and fell dead a table away. Lewis noticed and hardly noticed; he wove the death, the circumstances, the rapid removal of the body, the resumed normality, into his talk. It was not that he was cold or indifferent: he was simply bigger in mind than any such casual occurrence.

The conversation would now end. Lewis would clap on his black hat, his mask of invisibility, and disappear into London.

Another summons: the meeting was this time in Frascati's, in a coloured alcove. Lewis had a manuscript with him, of *One-Way Song*, his only long poem, or the only one he published. We had coffee; between sips at a brilliant glass of *crème de menthe* (he rather liked such flaming, jewel-lighted liqueurs) he read passages. It would be published next week. What about the strategy and tactics of its reception? Yes—but what about the poem itself? He sipped more brilliant *crème de menthe*, read more brilliant lines, electrical, energetic, Byronically conversational, in a full version without the publisher's softenings and expurgations. What about poetry itself, as now written? About new poems by Auden, by Louis MacNeice, poets of my generation he admired? What about the last number of *New Verse*? What about poetry out of time and place? What about mankind, in this world, at this time?

The small fine hands of this large man, larger than any of the business men at tables nearby, moved to make points and emphasise, and to help the drama of his conversation, his quick illuminations of everything. In a way I feared these meetings almost as much as I enjoyed them; not because Lewis was a bully, or capricious, or snooty, but because the force and scope of his mind and the range of his experience and his reading and his perceptions and the elevation he was capable of were so entirely formidable.

I knew Lewis well over that time in my own life when real knowing is possible. Yet all these conversations, all these meetings, were professional. He might sympathise with this or that, he might mention his or my personal affairs, he might talk of illness—Lewis was often



An early self-portrait by Wyndham Lewis: in the Rutherford Collection, Manchester City Art Gallery



ill—but it would be because personal affairs badly conducted, or illness unnecessarily prolonged, interfered, far more than some stupid or malicious review, with the proper energies and employment of embodied minds.

This great man had his fun, his fullness, his Rabelaisian appetite (Rabelais had a sinewy intelligence, after all), his delight in situations, in words, in the bizarre. 'There is a big white bull-terrier', he would remark in a summons to a new flat, 'and there are large honey-coloured lakes, supplying our corridors with what they have always lacked. His mistress is Nero's wife. Please come, suitably shod, to tea or to dinner'. But the fun was part of the devoted business of being an artist; so much to do, and a life so short—however long—to do it in.

'You have more children, I hear', said Lewis when we met after a long interval. 'Unwise. I have no children, though some, I believe, are attributed to me. I have work to do'. So he had—work of every kind, from writing and conversation to painting pictures. (If in this talk I say little of Lewis's pictures, it is partly because it is difficult to discuss painting, partly because I am sure that Lewis's painting, after all, was secondary to his writing; his best and sharpest pictures came early; his best writing occurred and recurred through the whole stretch of his life.)

Mr. T. S. Eliot, when Lewis died, remarked that no other writer of his day had invented so great and so peculiar a prose style. I could talk, if this were the time, about which books by Lewis to begin with if you do not know his work—that poem *One-Way Song*, his short stories in *The Wild Body*, his novels *Tarr* and *The Revenge for Love*. But I would sooner entice readers to Lewis, if I can, not only by saying something about the personal Lewis I knew and revered, but by adding a little of what the concept of art implied for him. He thought our age was in danger of becoming the first age in human history of 'men without art'. Art was more than its manifestation in this painting,

that poem. 'The artist', Lewis said in one of his books, 'is relieved of that obligation of the practical man to lie', art was the act of that man the artist delivered from the practical man's need of joggling along by telling lies. It was the prime enemy both of mere life or living, and of death. It was hard, sharp, conceptual, the thing made by flesh-bound man at his best, his most pure, and his most conscious moments.

He called genius 'the greatest development of conscious personality'. He might agree that art 'is a spell, a talisman, an incantation'; but if for him art was 'the civilised substitute for magic', just 'as philosophy is what, on a higher or more complex plane, takes the place of religion' Lewis was for ever setting against the equivocal, the public-opinion mind, the surging, the ecstatic, the featureless, that which has features, that which has exactitude and harmonious proportion, that which was the construction of consciousness and not 'the gushing of undisciplined life'. He said art consisted of 'the noblest intellectual exercises of the Animal, Man'; take away those intellectual exercises, take away art, and what would be left except an animal—a rat—merely a little more clever than other animals? It is a question of perennial gravity, but it is very much a question of the present time, when position after position is surrendered to a mindless pressure of numbers.

I cannot think Lewis will ever be a popular author. He was too profound a humanist. He had no kindly twinkle in his eye, and no wish that anyone should ever ascribe that twinkle to him. When he was young he wrote a piece he called the *Code of the Herdsman*, in which he spoke of the mountain where the artist must be his own cast, raised above the valley of the terrible processions into which he must descend, but out of which he must climb again. 'Our sacred hill', he wrote in that very short credo, 'is a volcanic heaven. But the result of its violence is peace'.

It will be all violence, if the words of such men as Lewis are overlooked; it will not be peace at all.—*Home Service*

## 'Cordon, S'il Vous Plaît'

PIERRE SCHNEIDER on the French concierge

THE sturdiest institutions are those which defy explanation. That is why the *concierge*, mysterious not to say superfluous, has long been one of the pillars of French society. Apparently, the *concierge* does perform a function: he opens the door of your apartment-house for you. But why does he do this? Because you have no key. And why have you no key? Because the *concierge* is there to open the door for you. As for the remaining duties of the *concierge*—cleaning the staircase and lugging the dustbin into the street at six o'clock in the morning—they could easily be dispensed with or shouldered by a simple employee.

Historically, too, the *concierge* is rooted in mystery and legend. His mythological ancestor is Cerberus. The *concierge* turns up early in French history, and even in French literature, under the descriptive name of doorman, *portier*. Petit-Jean, in Racine's 'Les Plaideurs', shows himself a true practitioner of the trade by cowing the visitors:

*Tous les plus gros monsieurs me parlaient chapeau bas;*

and by making them grease the hinges of his door with money:

*On avait beau heurter et m'ôter son chapeau  
On n'entrait pas chez nous sans graisser le marteau.  
Point d'argent, point de suisse, et ma porte était close.*

But, on the whole, references to the *portier* are few before the nineteenth century, no doubt because he himself still was, unbelievable as this will sound to the tormented tenant, a luxury. 'What! a notary who has a *portier*!' exclaims a character in a seventeenth-century comedy. By 1830, everybody enjoys this dubious privilege. From then on, as Daumier, Gavarni, Eugène Sue, Balzac, and many others demonstrate, the *portier* will be considered one of life's chief scourges. The reason for this sudden blossoming can easily be guessed. The *portier*, in the modern style, is associated with the apartment-house, that is, with the big city. Even today he exists only in Paris and, to a lesser extent, in large provincial towns like Lyons and Marseilles. Urbanisation goes hand in hand with the industrial revolution. The *portier*, therefore, though

already existing at the embryonic stage, could not have come into his own before the age of Napoleon.

As is well known, the higher the degree of one's civilisation, the greater one's need for security: primitive people knew no doors, no locks. It is a fact that the *portier* or *concierge* is a specifically Latin phenomenon, unknown in northern or Anglo-Saxon countries. Put two and two together, and you may conclude, if you wish, that France, Italy, and Spain are the most civilised countries on earth. What is peculiar about this conclusion is that it should be furnished by a species of people who comprise some of our few remaining illiterates.

From the start, one of the *portier's* typical traits has been wounded pride. It drove him to demand, in the eighteen-thirties, that he be no longer called *portier*, but *concierge*. You need not laugh: he, or rather she, since it is overwhelmingly a woman's job, is right. There have been some illustrious *concierges*, to begin with a Queen of France, Isabelle de Bavière. For *concierge* is a contraction of the expression *comte des cierges*, the Lord of the Candles, an office created by Hugues Capet and held by high noblemen. It gave him complete jurisdiction over the *Conciergerie*, one of the two wings of the royal residence in the Ile de la Cité. The other wing was governed by the Lord of the Stables, the *comte d'étables*, which became *connétable*, the supreme military grade in medieval France. No wonder the *portière* aspired to travel in such company!

Unfortunately, her name has been given another etymology, the Latin word *conseruus*, 'fellow slave'. Roman doormen were slaves of the lowest rank, on a par with watchdogs. Like these, they were chained to the wall, next to the door, and a dog was often painted over their post. The constant lamentation of the *concierge* brings involuntary corroboration of this theory. For what is the meanest job, if not a dog's life? 'We're slaves!' she laments. And she adds: '*C'est le dernier des métiers!*' And again: '*C'est un métier de chien!*' There is no getting away from it: the hole in the wall which is her lair is called *loge*, from an Old German word meaning dog-kennel.



The *concierge* is still practically a serf. A code written for her instruction states: 'One must never lose sight of the fact that the subordinate position of the *concierge vis-à-vis* the proprietor imposes upon her a kind of passive obedience'. There are many things in her life to remind her of that servitude. Though no longer chained, she is still bound to her door. She is required to be continually in her *loge*. Though some alleviations have been brought to this point, I know of one who has not left her post for twenty-five years. As for the *loges* their dimensions are still too often those of a kennel. In a single room lives the entire family. The walls drip with moisture and the electric light must be kept on all day. Nor is this misery private, since the *concierge's* home is also her place of work. Intrusion is the essence of her routine. In the old days, whenever the familiar cry of '*cordon, s'il vous plaît!*' was heard, she would have to rouse herself from her sleep and pull the rope that opened the door. If it had been left open she was obliged to shut it. Today, buzzers gradually replace the *cordons*, but the *concierge* must wake up none the less, for only the tenants may be let in without having the ritual '*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*' barked at them. She has no Sundays off, and if she wants to take her annual vacation she must hire a replacement at her own expense. In the end, her responsibility towards the dustbin appears less like an actual burden than as a symbol of her subservience: she is less than nothing. That is why, until 1945, no legislation dealt with her status. Now she has acquired legal existence. She knows that she must spend sixty minutes weekly cleaning a staircase with lift, and forty-five minutes a staircase without lift; also, that in cleaning her courtyard she is supposed to spend a minute and a half per metre for the first forty square metres and fifteen seconds for every additional metre. For all this she is paid from £20 to £60 per year, and she receives free electricity as well as a sufficient quantity of gas and coal.

Why does she accept this condition? Because it provides her with the *loge*. If she has children, or an invalid parent or husband, it is the only solution enabling her to work while being at home. She knows—and her proprietor knows—that, should she revolt, twenty candidates would eagerly take her place. And so she submits, but 'I wasn't made to be a *concierge*!' is a common complaint. It takes years of breaking in. That is why Balzac notes: 'Fifty-eight, that is the best age for *concierges*; they are used to their *loge*, the *loge* has become for them what the shell is to the oyster'.

To understand is to forgive. Many *concierges* certainly need to have a great deal forgiven. It is fair, therefore, to remember that she is the product of her dismal environment. If her complexion is livid and her mind uncultured in the extreme, it is because she has been left literally in the dark. But the determinant factor in her conditioning has been beautifully described: 'It can be stated that the *concierge* was himself immobile by function, being attached for ever to an *immeuble*, that is: an apartment-house'. Motionlessness finally becomes second nature. The *concierge* hates open spaces: she fills her microscopic *loge* with the largest pieces of furniture she can find, upon which she heaps untold amounts of *bric-à-brac*. If she has no children she replaces them by pets. And one suspects her of keeping her husband around, a thoroughly crushed individual, simply to fill whatever voids there are still left. Naturally those senses which require motion become atrophied, whereas the others are abnormally developed. *Concierges* tend to be voluminous,

lame, and to have highly perfected mouths, eyes, and ears. They recognise every step, notice every odd detail as you pass before them. Besides drinking and eating, talk is the only form of action easily available to them. Silence strikes them as an offence: they leave their radio on all day. But, better still, they gossip. A robber baron sitting in his fortress, the *concierge* captures all those who come by her and extracts a heavy ransom of news. Her curiosity is insatiable. Since she no longer moves, the world must move round her. Like a huge queen bee, she is fed information by servants, idle or acrimonious lodgers, neighbours, etc. She seems almost to burst with knowledge.

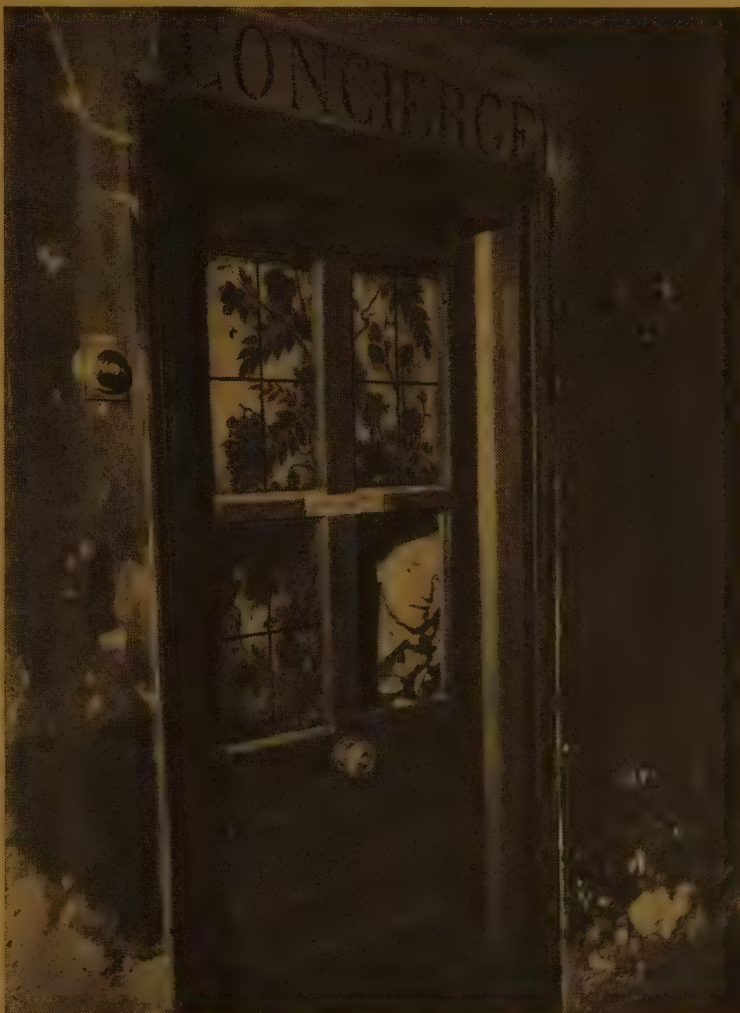
Yet a slave she remains. And that is how she is most useful. Like a dog starved by its owner, she will jump on the innocent stranger. The

*concierge* is starved for two things which her employer carefully omits to provide: money and respect. These she must get from her tenants. The slave now turns into a tyrant. But since her two needs are incompatible, she is for ever frustrated, humiliated. Hence her implacable hatred for the tenants, which she manifests in countless vexations. She forgets to deliver messages, hands you your mail several days late and, if need be, read beforehand. If a representative of a credit company comes to enquire about you, she tells him that you are chin-deep in debt. Against these acts, the tenant has a few retaliatory weapons of his own. He can strew refuse, anonymously, on the territory which it is the *concierge's* duty to keep pure. The staircase is the battlefield of a vicious, secret war. Some *concierges* spend hours hovering in a sombre corner, to unmask the criminal who drops orange peel on her steps. The supreme recourse for the tenant is to refrain from giving the *concierge* her *étrennes*, the lump sum traditionally offered to her on the first day of the year. That, however, is an unwise move. As the *concierge's* code puts it: 'One cannot force a tenant to give *étrennes*, but of course one can remind him of that practice'.

To understand the ominous implications of these words, it is necessary to leave, for a moment, the *concierge* for *la raison d'état*. At the end of the Revolution,

France was in a state of chaos. But a genius came along to save it: the creator of the modern police, Fouché. He set out from this basic principle: 'Nature creates Jacobins, and the police, citizens'. This led him to conceive the role of the police in a new light: it was no longer enough for it to repress crime, it also had to prevent it. As a result, Fouché proclaimed that 'the police is a continual surveyance of the order of all parts of society'. Practically, this implied the creation of a 'police of information'. Allow me to venture a hypothesis: the ideal informer, the embodiment of the continual surveyor, is available: the *concierge*. Is it too bold to suppose that Fouché realised this fact? Can we not even imagine him formulating one of those axioms that he liked: the police of repression is a man's business, but the police of information a woman's?

In any case, the contact between *commissaire* and *concierge* is no secret. It is illustrated by the fact that the best recommendation a woman can present in order to obtain a *loge* is to be married to a policeman. Information is often requested of her concerning your morality and your activities. She has her say on your pension, your job, your identity card. In short, she holds your life in her hands. As one chronicler, doubtless a tenant, notes: 'No one can imagine the occult power in the hands of the *concierge*; she plays in our life the role of fate'. And he adds: 'Be



Photograph by Nico Jesse, from 'The Women of Paris', by André Maurois (Bodley Head)



at war with the whole of humanity. All that is nothing provided you are on good terms with the Argus who guards the door of your house. There is no sacrifice high enough to be in her good graces'.

At that point, it is wise to remember that the quality which is most appreciated in others by *concierges* is generosity. Not just any generosity: give, but do it as though you were paying off an old debt to a friend. At that price, perhaps, you may live in peace.

There are other signs of hope. The *conciierge* may be nearing the end of his rope, or rather of his *cordon*. The latter has just been officially suppressed. The *concierges* are decreasing in number: about 80,000 in 1950, there are only some 60,000 left today. Enough to keep the average Parisian on his good behaviour. One final word: I have been speaking about the species in general. Need I add that I know one shining exception? My own *conciierge*.—*Third Programme*

## Brain and Will

The second of two talks by D. M. MacKAY

IT is just about thirty years since the physicist Heisenberg enunciated the famous principle of indeterminacy, which asserts that the motions of atomic particles can never be predicted exactly from the physical data available to us. Laplace's dream of a clockwork universe was gone; in fact, according to Eddington, just half of the data which you would require for a complete prediction of the universe are not available until after the change which you want to predict. But if this came as a blow to the classical physicists, it was welcomed with open arms in other quarters. To those who felt that the dignity of man was being threatened by the creeping spread of physical causality to the very mechanism of the brain, Heisenberg's principle seemed a God-send. Here, surely, was the solution to the problem of free will. 'If atomic particles are physically indeterminate in their movements, then, since my brain is made up of atomic particles, its activity is not physically determined, and my will is free'—so the argument ran.

### Physical Indeterminacy

In my first talk I argued that the kind of 'freedom' which physical indeterminacy would give us is not *required* in order to establish moral responsibility: that on the contrary, whether my brain were *physically* determinate or not, my choosing is a unique and *logically* indeterminate activity for which I could not escape full moral responsibility. I want now to take a look at the other side of the picture; for I have no wish to deny that physically indeterminate events may sometimes take place in our brains; and it is interesting I think to see what kind of effects these events could have upon the delicate and complex processes going on in our heads.

The first thing to keep in mind is that the degree of physical indeterminacy allowed by Heisenberg's principle becomes more and more negligible, the bigger and heavier the objects we are studying. Indeed it is only with the smallest objects of all—electrons, for example—that it is really serious. A nerve cell may be a tiny object by everyday standards, but it is roughly a million million million times heavier than an electron; so the chances of its suffering appreciably from Heisenberg indeterminacy are small indeed. Even if we suppose that the controlling part of a nerve cell weighs only one-millionth of the whole, we are still thinking on a scale a million million times larger than that of the electron.

There are about 10,000,000,000 nerve cells in each of our brains; so the chance that some *one* of these should be disturbed by a physically indeterminate event is correspondingly greater. But this brings me to the second point. The brain is not like a wireless set, in which a single valve-failure is enough to upset the whole performance. The nerve cells in the brain seem to be organised on a principle of teamwork, often with hundreds or even thousands of cells working together on any one job—rather like the individual strands in a rope. Even if one of your brain-cells were put out of action altogether, the chances are that it would make no significant difference. Only a most unusual combination of circumstances could allow the behaviour of your brain as a whole to be affected.

One further point needs to be made before we discuss the implications of all this. The brain has to carry on its business in the face of all manner of physical disturbances besides those which Heisenberg has discussed. There are random vibrations due to the heat of the brain-tissue for example, random fluctuations in blood supply, and random disturbances reaching the brain from the outside world. These are not indeterminate influences in principle, but in practice they are far too

complex to be predictable; and their effects are much larger than those due to Heisenberg indeterminacy, though similar in other respects. Yet, surprisingly enough, in spite of all those unpredictable influences, the brain still manages to work. It is in fact marvellously designed to be unaffected by disturbances of this kind. It follows that if the brain is at all affected appreciably by the physically indeterminate 'Heisenberg' variety of disturbance, this ought to be a much rarer occurrence than the other sorts, which are not absolutely unpredictable. Hardly any of the disturbances which do have significant effects are likely to be of the feeble Heisenberg type.

What, then, could we expect to be the effects of such unpredictable disturbances? In the first place, they would undeniably introduce a certain kind of 'freedom' into the brain's activity. But I suggest that this would not be the freedom characteristic of rational moral choice and responsibility, which we have seen to be something different. It would rather be of the kind we should call 'spontaneity' or even sometimes 'mental aberration'—according to the part of the brain affected by it. In most cases it would mean the interruption of a normal train of thought by an 'unbidden idea', as we would say, or by some 'unaccountable lapse'. Perhaps this really does happen on occasions. If it does, it raises the interesting question whether the person concerned could properly be held responsible for what has happened. So far from enhancing his responsibility, such undetermined events would seem if anything to lessen it. We may be reminded of the fact that great composers and artists have often disclaimed responsibility for their inspirations, saying that they 'received them unbidden' though I am far from suggesting that originality is only a matter of random disturbances in the brain. I only want to emphasise that in most cases the unpredictability produced in this way would not seem to enhance responsibility for the resulting action.

But now, you may ask, what if I were deliberating a choice between two possibilities which was so finely balanced that I could find no reason for favouring one rather than the other—like Buridan's donkey, which starved to death, you remember, because it could not choose between two equally tempting bundles of hay: might not the outcome ultimately be settled by one of these unpredictable disturbances? I think this might well be so, and that the resulting choice might be unpredictable even to a super-physiologist who knew all that was going on in your head—and kept his mouth shut. But what would be your own view of such a choice? Would you want to give it a higher moral status than one in which the right issue was clear to you and you decided unwaveringly on principle? I doubt it. Indeed I think that to such a finely balanced choice I would attach if anything a lower moral significance—rather as if I had settled it by mentally tossing a coin.

### Straightforward Choice

There are, however, more subtle effects which unpredictable disturbances could have. When we make a choice, we take into account all the pros and cons we can think of, weigh them up, and decide accordingly. All of this, I believe, requires physical activity in our brains, which in a sense indicates or represents what we are thinking. Suppose that I make some choice which seems to me straightforward on the evidence I have considered. I see no reason to doubt that the corresponding physical activity in my brain might be equally 'straightforward'—in other words, it might well have nothing physically discontinuous or 'queer' about it. But now, how did I come to consider the evidence I did? Obviously, I could never think of all the factors that might conceivably be relevant. There is an unconscious selection



of evidence, which I believe also involves a physical brain-process; and if this process were to suffer one of these unpredictable disturbances, I might well have no conscious awareness of it at all. It would mean simply that some factor, affecting my decision, would come to mind, or fail to come to mind, as a result. There would be nothing to indicate to me that anything unusual had occurred. And yet, in consequence of this disturbance, the different selection of factors might now lead me just as clearly to the opposite decision.

In either case, I think I would be fully responsible for my decision. But in the second case it would have an unexpectedness, from the observer's angle, which it would lack if there had been no disturbance of the process by which the evidence was brought to my conscious attention. To sum it up, I am suggesting that although physical indeterminacy in the brain is not necessary for moral responsibility, there is some evidence that occasional brain disturbances may be physically unpredictable, and that a small minority of these could be physically indeterminate. Such discontinuities, however, would show themselves more as a kind of originality or spontaneity, than in connection with a deliberate moral choice; and it is only if they affected the unconscious selection of evidence that they might be said to play any significant part in such a choice. Their general effect would be, if anything, to weaken rather than strengthen responsibility for any action which resulted.

From all this you will gather that I have not much hope of Heisenberg's indeterminacy as a gateway through which the mind acts on the brain. Perhaps it would be only fair to try to indicate how I think the two are related, for I believe most seriously in both the spiritual and the physical aspects of our human nature.

### 'I-language' and 'It-language'

The trouble here, I believe, is that we have two different and entirely legitimate languages which we use about human activity, but that these tend to get mixed up in illegitimate ways. On the one hand there is what we might call 'I-language', to which belong words describing mental activity, like thinking, choosing, loving, hating, and so forth. All of these are words defined from the standpoint of myself as the actor in the situation. From the standpoint of an observer of the situation, on the other hand, we can define an entirely different vocabulary, making up what we might call 'it-language'. To this belong words like 'brain', 'nerve cell', 'glandular secretion', 'electric current', and so forth.

The problem is to discover how descriptions in these two languages can be related. I think out some decision, let us say, and at the same time you observe certain physical events in my brain. Are we to say that my decision causes the physical events, or that the physical events cause my decision, or is there some different way of relating the two? My own view, for what it is worth, is that my decision neither causes nor is caused by its immediate physical concomitants. For we can only say 'A causes B' when A and B are two activities (two separate events or sets of events). And my suggestion is that the mental activity I describe in 'I-language' and the corresponding brain-activity you describe in 'it-language' are not two activities, but two aspects of one and the same activity, which in its full nature is richer—has more significance—than can be expressed in either language alone, or even in both together.

I am not suggesting that mental activity is 'nothing but' an aspect of brain-activity: this would be the attitude which I call 'nothing buttery', and one might equally fallaciously maintain the converse. The idea is rather that each is a descriptive projection, so to say, of a single complex unity which we can call simply my-activity. An observer can describe my-activity under the aspect of brain-activity; I myself can describe it under the aspect of mental-activity; but each, and any, descriptive projection, however exhaustive in its own language, can do only partial justice to the complex and mysterious reality that is my activity as a human being.

As a crude illustration of what I mean by 'doing partial justice' imagine the two descriptions which a physicist and a telegraphist might give of a morse signal, sent by flash-lamp from ship to shore. The physicist might exhaustively record the duration and intensity of every light flash, without ever mentioning the message. The telegraphist might exhaustively record every word of the message without ever mentioning the intensity of the light. Each description, exhaustive though it is, requires to be complemented by the other in order to do justice to the significance of what took place. The two, as we say, are logically

complementary. You do not debunk the one by claiming that the other is exhaustive, nor do you justify the one by trying to find discontinuities or gaps in the other.

It would follow from this view that there is no need—indeed it would be fallacious—to look for a causal mechanism by which mental and physical activity could act on one another. Their unity is already a closer (and a more mysterious) one than if they were pictured as separate activities in quasi-mechanical interaction, one of them visible and the other invisible. Yet it is a unity which safeguards rather than threatens my responsibility for my choosings; for it makes nonsense of any suggestion that my body, rather than I myself, could be held responsible for them. This would be simply to muddle up the two languages—rather like asserting, or denying, that when a man feels in love, his brain-cells feel in love. It is neither true nor false, but meaningless, because feeling in love is an activity of persons, not of objects; and when a man is feeling in love, his brain-cells are presumably fully occupied doing something physically describable in 'it-language' as the correlate of this mental condition.

I would suggest indeed that the theory of mental activity as an 'extra' which interacts with the brain, is not only unnecessary, but also open to two serious objections. First, it hangs the whole of morality on an unsupported physical hypothesis—namely, that brain activity shows discontinuities, in the right places, which would require non-physical influences for their explanation. Even in the present primitive state of our knowledge this hypothesis now looks more improbable with every advance in the science of the brain. Secondly, the theory would deny my responsibility for any choices which did not entail physical discontinuity in my brain, even although I made them deliberately, and could defy anyone to describe them to me beforehand. This I believe to be flatly immoral, and a menace to a human being's right, as we say, to 'know his own mind'. If there were any question that someone's brain were disordered—prevented from functioning properly—then it might be legitimate to deny his responsibility. This could in principle be settled by examining the structure of his brain; but it would be fallacious to describe a brain as disordered merely because it failed to show any physical discontinuities, or because one could discern some of the pattern of physical cause-and-effect which was the necessary correlate of the man's mental activity. I believe that this represents a fallacy to be guarded against particularly in much of our contemporary thinking about the penal code. If I am right, there is need for a radical rethinking of the role of psychiatric evidence especially, in the assessing of moral, if not legal, responsibility.

### Misguided and Immoral

But to follow this now would take us too far. I would just repeat once more the main contention of these talks—that to hang moral responsibility on theories of physical indeterminacy in the brain is both misguided and immoral: misguided, because my responsibility is adequately nailed to my door if my choice is logically indeterminate until I make it—which could be true even if my brain showed no physical discontinuities; immoral, because a reliance on physical indeterminacy would deny responsibility for choices (whether good or bad) for which I think a man has a right to claim responsibility. This is no less distressing because those who hold such views do so in the name of human dignity. But I believe that our true dignity lies in having the humility to see ourselves for what we are: and I am convinced that the Christian doctrine of man at any rate, in all its fullness, requires no licence for his brain to suffer non-physical disturbances. There is, as I have said, a profound mystery in our human nature; but it stands wholly apart from any scientific puzzles that we may find in the brain. It will be in our wisdom to avoid any temptation to confound the two.

—Third Programme

After taking part in the successful ascent of Kangchenjunga in 1955 the New Zealand climber, Norman Hardie, spent the monsoon season—some five months—visiting the homes of his Sherpa porters and doing some surveying along the Nepalese-Tibetan frontier. In the later months he was joined by his wife and a second climber and surveyor. Drawing on his own and his wife's diaries, Mr. Hardie describes this exploration in a fairly conversational manner in *In Highest Nepal* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). Although relatively little is known about Sherpa society, this book does not add very much to our systematic knowledge; it does however provide some background to these mountaineers who play so continuous, if generally subordinate, a role in the enormous library of books on Himalayan mountain climbing. The numerous photographs are an agreeable feature.



# NEWS DIARY

May 8-14

## Wednesday, May 8

The talks between the Prime Minister and Dr. Adenauer end in Bonn

Two-day debate on defence is concluded in the House of Lords

Suez Canal Users' Association considers Egypt's terms for reopening the Canal

## Thursday, May 9

Labour Party makes gains in borough council elections

French Prime Minister in a speech at Lille says 'the franc is threatened'

Secretary of State for Air claims that inquiries have completely vindicated the safety of air trooping

## Friday, May 10

Supreme Soviet is to appeal to Parliament of Britain and to the U.S. Congress to help in ending nuclear tests

Mr. Richards, the American President's special envoy in the Middle East, states in Washington that his mission promised up to \$120,000,000-worth of aid under the Eisenhower doctrine

Miners' delegates recommend acceptance of Coal Board's offer of a 5 per cent. increase for day wage workers

## Saturday, May 11

Prime Minister holds talks at Chequers with a number of Ministers mainly on home policy

King Saud of Saudi Arabia begins a state visit to Iraq

Trial is resumed in Cairo of sixteen persons accused of spying

## Sunday, May 12

Twelve people are killed in a crash during the Mille Miglia motor race in Italy

President Eisenhower publishes a proclamation commemorating the 350th anniversary of the founding of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown

## Monday, May 13

Prime Minister announces that the Government could no longer advise British ship-owners to refrain from using the Suez Canal. Arrangements are made for dues to be paid in sterling

Road haulage rates to be increased by British Road Services

## Tuesday, May 14

Minister of Fuel and Power announces that petrol rationing is to end at midnight. Ten per cent. reduction of fuel oil for industry to continue for time being

Talks between Kings of Saudi Arabia and Iraq end in Baghdad

Arthur Miller, the American playwright, appears before District Court in Washington on charge of contempt of U.S. Congress



Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd who last week visited Bonn for talks with Dr. Adenauer photographed with the West German Chancellor as they set off on a brief trip up the Rhine on a river-steamer. The Ministers' discussions were continued on board

At a ceremony *Discovery, Susan* Jamestown, Virginia day the aircraft



The Tapestry Room of Belton House, near Grantham, Lincolnshire, the home of Lord Brownlow, which will be open to the public for the first time on May 20. Built in 1685, and attributed to Sir Christopher Wren, Belton House is celebrated for its Grinling Gibbons carvings



A photograph taken last week at Camber Sands





At the airport last Sunday three United States jet aircraft were named *Godspeed* after the ships which carried the first settlers to America. In the photograph Lady Churchill is naming the *Discovery*. Next town where the 350th anniversary festivities are taking place



The great steel safety chamber surrounding the reactor of the new atomic research station which is under construction at Dounreay in Caithness. Journalists from many countries including Russia and China visited the station last week. In the foreground a man wearing pressurised protective clothing is seen checking a valve for radio-active contamination



The making of the film 'Dunkirk'. The historic evacuation was being re-enacted on the Sussex coast. The scene depicts the aerial bombardment of British troops



'Jackie', a six-weeks-old black-foot penguin, being introduced to the King penguins on his first outing at the London Zoo last week



## Party Political Broadcast

## Local Government, Pensions, and Housing

By MORGAN PHILLIPS, General Secretary of the Labour Party

**T**HIS is a party political broadcast: that means I'm going to be controversial. I'm speaking for the Labour Party. I don't like the Conservative Government and I'm going to attack it. I'm going to tell you why we don't like this Government, and what we've got to offer in exchange.

You know that local elections are going on all this week\*: up and down the country, Labour speakers and canvassers, and Labour leaflets and posters have been telling you about the importance of the work the local councils do, and about Labour's programme for them. I hope you'll take heed of what you've heard and read. Local government is immensely important in this country. It's the training ground of our democracy—where government touches all of us most closely in our daily lives. It helps to decide the kind of towns and villages we have; the kind of houses we live in; the rents we pay; the schools our children go to, and many other things that affect our health and our well-being.

It's in the local life that we have to run our own affairs. And that's one of the reasons why the Labour Party wants to give local councils more to do, and give them more help in doing it. But you can't separate local government from national government. Local council work is limited and controlled by what the Government allows the local councils to do, and by the amount of money it gives them to help them to do it. Your local council can't provide the kind of roads and parks and libraries you want; the schools, the maternity and child welfare centres, or the houses, unless the Government allows it to do so. So if we're going to make proper use of our local government, we have to have the right kind of national government.

Local government and national government are intertwined in another way, too; every Minister and every Member of Parliament knows that local elections are a guide to what you are thinking and feeling about national affairs as well as local affairs. Tory Ministers and tory M.P.s will be sitting up late in their clubs tomorrow night, waiting anxiously to know how you voted in the council elections. You can give them the jolt they need; and tonight I want to tell you why I think you ought to do so. I want you to look with me at the Government's record during the last twelve months. Last May, nobody would have believed that within six months the prestige of Great Britain would have sunk so low in the world. But the facts cannot be denied. Even if you are one of those who do not agree that the attack on Egypt last autumn was immoral, you must have admitted to yourself by now that it was a failure. It was a military failure, and a political failure. In spite of the millions spent on armaments in the last five years, in spite of the skill and the bravery of our troops, we were slow and clumsy in a minor military operation.

And politically we're still suffering from the results of what we did. In the Middle East, countries that used to be friendly have turned away from us. The influence and the prestige we were supposed to be defending have gone; and now that negotiations on the Suez Canal are starting again we have to take a back seat—with no hope of getting terms as good as those we could have had six months ago. As a result, we shall find it much more difficult and expensive

to use the Canal than if we had gone on patiently and sensibly negotiating with most of world opinion behind us. In the United Nations, where Britain under the Labour Government was a powerful influence, our spokesmen today find it pays better to keep quiet.

So much for tory foreign policy. Their home policy is just as bad. Last month we had a Budget, and this is what Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said about it. I'm giving you his own exact words: 'I make no complaint that the Opposition should vote against the Budget. Indeed', he said, 'in many respects I take that as a compliment'. This is a Conservative Budget. That's fair and frank. It's toryism in its true colours at last.

Mr. Butler was defeated in the struggle for Prime Ministership—and now his policy has been thrown overboard, too. He believed in dressing Conservatism up in Liberal clothes, to catch Liberal votes. Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Thorneycroft have given that up. They've gone back to the natural Conservative policy of looking after the rich. Only this time, it's the very rich they're looking after. Do I need to prove that? I don't think so. Did you benefit from the Budget? If you were an old-age pensioner living on National Insurance pension, you didn't. If you were in work, but not earning enough to pay income-tax, you've gained nothing. If you were a middle-class professional man, with children under eleven, and less than £2,000 a year, you were out, too. You don't interest this tory Government. The main concessions in this Budget have gone to 335,000 families in the surtax class—with incomes over £40 per week.

Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Macmillan have a name for this—they call it the opportunity state. Remember that—the tory opportunity state means giving the very rich the opportunity to get richer still, and doing practically nothing for anybody else. Worse still, it means doing absolutely nothing for the poorest people of all. While Mr. Thorneycroft is giving away the biggest part of his Budget-surplus to a few rich people, millions of old-age pensioners with little or no money in their pockets are finding that deliberate tory policies are pushing them further and further into poverty.

In their years of office the tories have offered very little to the old people. They got their last moderate increase in 1955—just around the time when the tories wanted votes. That has long ago been eaten up by rising prices. But when Labour M.P.s asked for another increase it was flatly refused. Yet their needs are becoming desperate. Let me give you just a picture of what life is like for the old pensioner under the tory Government. A short time ago Salford City Council made a survey of the way its old people were living. And this is what Mr. Roberts, the City's Welfare Officer said about them: 'Take a walk with me on the daily round and see in cold reality homes where replacement or repair of footwear is a luxury. A hot midday meal for six days a week almost a miracle. Warm winter clothes a mere fancy. Cinders sifted minutely from old fireplaces, until they're reduced to a fine ash. Because one hundredweight of coal at about 8s. a week takes a fifth of all the old person's pension.'

According to *The Manchester Guardian*, many old people were trying to keep up appear-

ances by living almost entirely on bread, margarine, tea, potatoes—and more bread. That's the tory opportunity state. Another £12 a week for the man with £10,000 a year. Bread and marg., tea and potatoes for the older people in the evening of their lives. Labour is preparing plans, which we shall publish soon, that will go a long way towards abolishing for ever this scandal of poverty in old age.

Now, let's take a look at the Rent Bill: the Government expects it to be passed into law by July. It's a typical tory measure—like their Budget and the treatment of old-age pensioners. They take a problem where something has to be done, and then they do what helps their own rich friends most.

Most of us would agree that some of the rents of controlled houses are too low: the Labour Party has stated frankly in its own housing proposals, 'Homes of the Future', that this problem had to be tackled. But there's more than one way of tackling it. The tory plan will raise the rents of 4,750,000 families—that's one family in four. That proposal would put something like £100,000,000 a year into the pockets of landlords of controlled properties—and without any guarantee at all that any of these homes will be improved in any way, or even put in a decent state of repair. A reasonable measure would have balanced justice for the landlord against justice for the tenants. The tory measure looks after the landlord and leaves the tenant to fend for himself.

Then there are a further 800,000 families whose homes come out of control—what is to happen to them? What are the tories doing to safeguard them? I'll tell you: they're trusting to luck. The tory spokesman who introduced the Rent Bill said that by the end of this year the number of homes available would largely equal the demand, and so, he said, rents ought not to go up too much for those 800,000 families. Well, there may be houses to spare in some parts of the country, but it certainly isn't true in any of the bigger towns. All local authorities have waiting lists, and in places like London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Plymouth, these run into thousands. That is tory policy on rents.

Labour's is vastly different: we agree that something has to be done. We agree that after forty years of rent control the muddle has to be sorted out. But we know that rents on the houses are more than pounds and pence, more than just bricks and mortar—they're homes. They're the roots we strike into our neighbourhood, the basis of our security, the centre of our work and our play. Housing is far too important a service to be run by the gamble of commercial profit and loss. That is why we propose that local authority should take over rent-controlled houses; improve and repair them and give the occupiers reasonable security of tenure. Many rents will have to go up under that scheme, too, but the tenant will gain most of all by having a well-kept house in which to live.

What can you do about all this? Well, you can do something tomorrow; you can vote in the council elections. All these things I've been talking about are local politics as well as national politics. Take your local rates, for instance. Many of you will have just received your demand notes, and I expect it gave you a shock. Don't



blame your council for that—most local rates have gone up about twice as much as they would have done if the tory Government had not reduced the rates on shops, offices, garages, and pubs—without doing anything to offset the loss. Labour believes the time has come to make factories and workshops pay their full share of rates, instead of only a quarter as they do today.

A change of this kind would even have reduced the rates in many areas, so if rates are to come down the first thing to do is to shake up the tory Government which still refuses to re-rate industrial property at its true value.

That's just a part of the Government's five-year record: we believe the country is sorry that it put the tories in in 1955, and would like a

General Election. Half a dozen by-elections have shown them that they're not wanted. But the tories are clinging to office. If the evil they're doing is to be stopped, they'll have to be forced out. This week you have a chance to give them another push—don't miss it. Turn out the government satellites in the tory councils and the Government itself will topple all the sooner.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### The State of the Union

Sir,—Mr. Robert McKenzie in his talk printed in THE LISTENER of May 9 states that:

Every bill which deals exclusively (or even mainly) with Scotland is referred for second reading (that is, for debate on its general principles) and for detailed committee discussion to a special standing committee . . . commonly known as the Scottish Grand Committee.

This is misleading.

In the first place, no bill can be referred to the Scottish Grand Committee at the second reading stage unless the Speaker certifies that, in his opinion, its provisions relate *exclusively* to Scotland. To take two examples from the 1948-49 session (immediately after the new second reading procedure was instituted by Standing Order 60), neither the Legal Aid and Solicitors (Scotland) Bill nor the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill received this certificate.

In the second place, the provisions of Standing Order 60 in regard to the reference of Scottish bills to the Grand Committee for their second reading debate are permissive, not mandatory. It was neither provided nor intended that all Scottish bills should be so referred. Introducing the proposed Standing Order on April 28, 1948, Mr. Arthur Woodburn, then Secretary of State for Scotland, made it clear that the procedure was intended for bills 'which were not contentious—or not contentious enough to divide upon'. This point of view was also taken, from the Conservative benches, by Mr. J. S. C. Reid; and it was referred to by the Joint Under-Secretary of State in 1952 when rejecting a proposal that the procedure should be applied to a Private Member's bill which the Government regarded as contentious in character.

The limited applicability of the new procedure may be seen by considering the facts relating to three sessions since its introduction. In 1948-49 seven bills received the Speaker's certificate, but only two were referred to the Scottish Grand Committee at the second reading stage. In 1951-52 the number of 'certificated' bills was six, of which only one was 'referred' to the Grand Committee. In 1953-54 also, six bills received the certificate and only one was 'referred' (though one further bill was 'referred' after its reintroduction in the following session). It must, of course, be pointed out that of the bills which were not 'referred' some were Private Members' bills which never progressed beyond their first readings, while others were so totally uncontroversial that they received their second readings without debate on the floor of the House and were subsequently considered without being amended, by a Committee of the Whole House. The fact remains that a substantial number of exclusively Scottish measures, including (it seems safe to say) all the more important bills, were not dealt with under the new procedure.

At the committee stage, discussion by the Scottish Grand Committee is, of course, much more

usual. It is, however, far from universal; nor are the Scottish bills whose committee stage is taken in the Whole House merely those which are uncontroversial: this procedure was, for example, applied to the Administration of Justice (Scotland) Bill in 1948 and to the Housing (Scotland) Bill in 1952.

I express no view on the merits of these various procedures. My purpose is simply to correct the erroneous impression to which Mr. McKenzie's statement may give rise. If the Scottish Grand Committee is indeed 'a kind of "parliament within a parliament"', it is in a sense even more strictly limited than Mr. McKenzie indicates.

Yours, etc.,

Old Aberdeen

J. H. BURNS

Sir,—Mr. Robert McKenzie's talk in THE LISTENER of May 9 claims that no Scottish Home Rule Bill has received a second reading; but on May 30, 1913, Sir W. H. Cowan's Bill did have such a success by 204 votes to 189. The Scottish M.P.s voted 45 for, and 8 against.

Mr. McKenzie's idea about England ever being 'a far richer country' than Scotland is a myth comparable with what Russians tell the Estonians and Latvians. A sanguinary war with France and a mounting national debt in 1707 explain why the English were paying per head about eight times as much taxation as Scots. Scotland, by contrast, was more decentralised and tax-resistant. Population pressure presented an urgent problem in both Scotland and England in the two centuries prior to 1707, but it should not be concluded that Scotland was essentially the poorer country. Archdeacon Barbour tells of abundance of corn and food cooked with dripping after Bannockburn. Popes Nicholas V and Alexander VII mention plenty of provisions and good housing in their respective Bulls establishing the Universities of Glasgow and Old Aberdeen. Pedro de Ayala's report of July 25, 1498, to Ferdinand and Isabella is also worth consulting.

On Scottish resources, Mr. McKenzie should read Smollett's *Humphry Clinker* and the present writer's *Scotland the Wealthy Nation*. Even if Scotland's population had increased in ratio with England's since 1707, instead of declining to half the earlier proportion, Scots in almost every respect, agriculturally and industrially, would still possess more natural resources than do our neighbours in England.

Yours, etc.,

Carlops, Midlothian

ARCHIE LAMONT

### French Politics

Sir,—Almost every time that I read an English newspaper I am shocked by the lightness of their observations on the situation in France and in North Africa, but it was a further shock to find THE LISTENER also indulging in trivial and ill-

informed comment. To quote two instances only, from your issue of May 2: on page 705, in the talk on Franco-Tunisian relationships, your correspondent alludes to the Algerian revolt as if it were a minor inconvenience just recently making itself felt, whereas in fact it is a long and bitter war which not only threatens the peace of all nations in North Africa but is splitting the French nation in such a fashion that it seems daily more probable that France will soon have to endure another revolution and civil war.

On page 706, *L'Aurore* is referred to as a Radical-Socialist newspaper! *L'Aurore* in fact is now written and read only by extremists of the right wing, and is one of the leaders of the campaign to ruin Pierre Mendès-France, the present leader of the Radical Socialist Party.

I know that many Englishmen regard French politics as a joke, but it is time that they realised that a France ruled by either communism or fascism will not be very amusing as a neighbour, and that the hard-pressed liberals and non-communist socialists here desperately need the sympathy and support of their opposite numbers in England.

Yours, etc.,

Paris, IVe

M. R. GARNER

### Child-centred Education

Sir,—In his talk, printed in THE LISTENER of May 9, Mr. G. H. Bantock expresses the concern that all thinking educationists are troubled with when they consider the present chaotic state of education in our society. Rightly he considers it will fail to produce the 'educated man'—though he carefully does not define this phenomenon. It concerns me more, in that the present system will lead to failure, not to produce the educated man, but to produce human beings with a capacity for life.

Further discussion would be useless unless we could agree on a common denominator, i.e., what is the purpose of education? To those who raised an emotional cheer (should I say sneer?) at the end of Mr. Bantock's attack, I beg them to give thought to the following:

(1) Having agreed that 'freedom' is 'a triumph of a theory of education' to deplore it immediately as 'a theory that is quite old and was well advanced in the eighteenth century' does not invalidate it.

(2) I agree with Mr. Bantock that Froebel, Rousseau, and the secondary modern school only give 'freedom' within the limits well defined in the talk; and as such they fail to educate. No solution was given. There cannot be a solution unless complete and absolute freedom is given. Whilst many educationists have emotionally felt the need for freedom, few have had the capacity to give it to their pupils. Always there is an urge to train to guide—but this can only be satisfied when the pupil has requested it.

It is a pity Mr. Bantock believes children have original sin. Is there no original goodness, O



ye of little faith? How much longer is the brilliant success of freedom at Summerhill and the writings of A. S. Neill to be ignored by educationists—and the Third Programme?

Yours, etc.,

Ilkeston

ERIC BAINES

### Brain and Will

Sir,—The argument given in Mr. D. M. MacKay's interesting talk on 'Brain and Will' (THE LISTENER, May 9) seems open to more than one objection.

First, the thesis is that nobody can predict to me, on the basis of the state of my brain, what my future action will be, since his prediction will alter the state of my brain upon which it is based. Mr. MacKay says:

If he [the predictor] were to try to allow beforehand for the effects of his description upon you, he would be doomed to an endless regression—logically chasing his own tail in an effort to allow for the effects of allowing for the effects of allowing . . . indefinitely.

What happens if the predictor allows for the effects of telling me, and finds that the same thing happens as would if he did not tell me? Then he can tell me, and be certain that it will occur, and it will. These are not the only circumstances in which he can do this. He can find any action such that if he tells me I shall do it, my brain will be left in a state which leads to my doing it. According to Mr. MacKay's criterion, there must be no free will in these special cases. But doesn't this leave the distinction rather tenuous? I don't think many people would be prepared to grant free will in all other cases but in none of these.

But, secondly, there is a graver objection, that personal preference can hardly enter into. I have designed an electrical machine, consisting of only ten parts plus wires, which satisfies Mr. MacKay's criterion perfectly. The electrician is invited to examine the circuit to see which of two lights (prunes and porridge) will light up when he turns on a switch (breakfast time). Either may light up according to the setting of an internal switch. Then he may tell the machine his prediction by pressing the button with the name of the corresponding foodstuff written by it. This sets into action circuits which automatically invalidate his prediction. So perfectly does this machine fit Mr. MacKay's criterion that my first objection can have no force with it. There is nothing bogus about it: anybody with any knowledge of electronics could invent a similar machine. Yet I hardly think Mr. MacKay will give me credit for being the first person to invent a machine with free will. His criterion obviously includes the wrong things.

Yours, etc.,

Canterbury

W. A. HODGES

Sir,—Mr. D. M. MacKay, in his talk 'Brain and Will', misses the point of his own argument. His example of freedom of choice is really an over-simplification, but fortunately Mr. MacKay seems to realise this to some extent. He writes:

However carefully calculated his proffered description of your choice, you would know—and he would know—that you still had power to alter it.

The fact is that once a choice has been made, it cannot be altered; and if it has not been made yet, there is obviously nothing to alter. A contrary choice may be made subsequently through the development of a contrary preference; but this is not the same as to alter the original choice. Choice is inseparably linked with preference; we invariably choose what we prefer, and we cannot voluntarily change our choice any more than we can change our preference. This truth is not obvious when the alternatives

are confused. Although I do not have the honour of Mr. MacKay's acquaintance, I can predict with certainty that if, being thirsty, he is offered a glass of water or a glass of vinegar, he will—indeed, must—choose the former. If he chooses the latter, the choice was not between water and vinegar; it was between choosing what I said he would choose and not choosing it, or between water and not choosing what I said he would choose.

It is not feasible to predict how one would choose only to the extent that it is not feasible to know and interpret his brain-workings and the subtle influences that act upon them. But that this can be done in principle is the basis of psychological propaganda. Furthermore, it is not true that 'we all know intuitively that there is something queerly undetermined about the decisions we take'. On the contrary, we more often than not feel quite certain how we should act in a given situation, though events often prove us wrong, for we ourselves are not aware of more than a small fraction of our brain-workings.

How would you act in a given crisis? You do not really know with certainty until the crisis arises; but it is certain that you will act in accordance with your character, and it is impossible that you should act otherwise. In other words, we do what we *must*. (And if anyone says that he does what he *wants*, my reply is that he wants what he *must* want, for wanting itself is a form of doing.) You may be dissatisfied with the way you acted or with the results of your action. But unless the experience created such an impression as to change the way your brain reacts to certain external and internal stimuli, you would act in exactly the same way, if the situation arose again.

The question arises, then, 'Are you morally responsible for your action?' Clearly, a great deal depends on what definition you attach to 'moral responsibility'. We are probably entering the realm of metaphysics. Moral responsibility cannot exist independent of the individual, for it must exist somewhere; and as it does not exist in any space in the external world, it must exist within him. I may prefer to starve rather than kill a harmless chicken, while the savage, without compunction, will regale on the flesh of his grandfather. Morality, therefore, is a matter of education, in other words, brain-workings. So it cannot be its own judge or be considered outside the context of its existence. It influences our other brain-workings and is influenced by them. The safest thing to say, therefore, is that we are morally responsible if we think we are. This argument could easily be carried further to the point where it seems absurd: that we think we are morally responsible if we think we think we are. But it is the only way we can reconcile the concept of moral responsibility with what Mr. MacKay calls the 'closed-system view of the brain' without falling into self-contradiction.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11

FEDERICO CLARK

### Dilemma of the Personnel Officer

Sir,—We can all agree that the phrase 'personnel management' is not easy on the ear. The difficulty is that suggested alternatives such as 'employee relations manager' do not arouse much enthusiasm either. This, however, is the least important of the issues raised in the correspondence which has followed Mr. Blair-Cunynghame's talk published in THE LISTENER of March 7.

Far more to the point are the comments in the letter from Mr. Chave, who considers that 'the personnel officer should be in the position of consultant and adviser to both management and workers, and should be free to express his

views without taking sides'. The work of Dr. Jaques at the Glacier Metal Company has shown that, at any rate at times, there is an extremely valuable job of this kind to be done—though whether this should be a permanent function, or should be regarded as a temporary therapeutic measure, is another question. But valuable though this job is, it is a different job from that of the personnel officer.

Historically, personnel management as a specialised function of management has developed for reasons that are neither obscure nor sinister. Wherever there are managers and managed, even where there is only a harassed mother with an occasional 'daily lady', there is a personnel aspect to the job of management. The 'help' must be engaged, there must be a clear understanding of and instruction in the job to be done, agreement on wages, and means of dealing with grievances and so on. As industry became larger and more complex these personnel problems became more complicated and mistakes more costly—of that we have surely had sufficient proof. But there has never at any time been any question of line management ridding itself of personnel responsibilities. Just as the general manager retains responsibility for the technical development of the factory while employing technical specialists to keep track of new developments and their implications, so does he employ a suitable person who makes the personnel aspect of management the main focus of his attention. In answer to Mr. Marshall, it goes without saying that the last word in personnel questions, as in technical, financial and sales questions, must lie with the chief executive. This does not stop the personnel officer being, in Mr. Blair-Cunynghame's words, 'an integral part of the management team'. Mr. Marshall quotes Sir Miles Thomas against Mr. Blair-Cunynghame. But in addressing the Institute of Personnel Management in 1954, Sir Miles Thomas said:

The top personnel post must be responsible to the man at the top of the executive tree. There is no point in any other arrangement since the function is the last which the top executive has partially to discard in the face of growing size and specialisation.

The man to whom he 'partially discards' one of his most important functions is surely to be regarded as 'one of the management team'. It is perhaps worth adding that when Sir Miles Thomas, then Chairman of B.O.A.C., wrote these words, Mr. Blair-Cunynghame was B.O.A.C.'s Chief Personnel Officer.

In addition to giving advice on personnel policy, the personnel officer will also carry out executive any duties delegated to him to perform in this field, and these will normally be duties that need to be handled centrally for the sake of consistency or uniformity, or because they are better done by someone with specialised knowledge and skill in this field. The delegated function of negotiation, admitted by Mr. Marshall, is a case in point.

It is perfectly true that in the course of doing this job the advice of the personnel officer may be overruled, as may the advice of the accountant. Before this happens, if he is worth his salt, he will have put up a pretty tough fight. As every personnel officer knows, the heading 'advising on personnel policy' covers many a fiercely fought battle, some won, some lost. There have been many occasions in which personnel officers have felt that they could not be identified any longer with a firm's personnel policy, and have got out. At other times they have believed it to be wiser and more useful to continue to make the best of a very imperfect job. But it is not only personnel officers who learn that right action may often consist in the choice of the lesser of two evils.



This I believe is the nature of the job for which many firms engage personnel officers, and which, often with great skill and courage, is being tackled in a growing number of British companies today.

Yours, etc.,  
London, W.2 B. N. SEAR

### Freedom and Equality

Sir,—I have somewhat belatedly seen your leading article on 'Freedom and Equality' (THE LISTENER, May 2) in the course of which you discuss my Hobbhouse lecture on the Welfare State.

You mention the questions I asked about the degree of equality which will produce the most favourable conditions for welfare; and the amount of equality the British people desire or will accept. You then remark that I thus appear 'to postulate that equality is a necessary concomitant to progress, assuming that we mean by progress the maximisation of welfare'.

This does not fully represent my position on this crucial matter. I went on to say that:

Hitherto the remarkable contributions which this country has made to government and politics, science, medicine, navigation, aeronautics, literature, the drama, poetry, technology, and other spheres of life have been due to the exceptional exertions of exceptional men. If we are to continue to make great contributions we must recognise that a high standard of welfare for the common man is no substitute for the exceptional achievements of the uncommon man. Our aim should therefore be to bring about conditions which, while ensuring a relatively high general level of welfare, will be such as to evoke the exceptional efforts of men and women of outstanding ability. We can undoubtedly increase greatly the proportion of those who are able to make a creative contribution to civilised life, but only if we make the development of exceptional ability an important part of public policy. If we are not willing to cultivate and reward exceptional talent, on the ground that to do so offends against the principle of equality, both we and the world will suffer from that attitude.

Yours, etc.,  
WILLIAM A. ROBSON  
Visiting Professor of Political Science  
University of California

### 'The Living Rocks'

Sir,—Phoenix House are certainly to be congratulated on having commissioned Mr. Grigson's excellent commentary for *The Living Rocks*, but I implied as much in my review (THE LISTENER, April 25) and it is not a point at issue. What I complained of was the make-up, which runs:

Maurois—Grigson—Plates 1-24—Key to  
Plates 1-24—Grigson—Plates 25-48—Grigson—  
a blank page—Plates 49-64—Key to Plates 25-64  
—A Table of Geological Time—Grigson,

and may I think not unfairly be qualified as 'casually slapped together in a take-it-or-leave-it confusion of text, tables, and indices'. If however (as it appears) Mr. Baker wishes me to substitute 'deliberately' for 'casually', I must of course bow to his correction.—Yours, etc.,  
YOUR REVIEWER

### Religious Broadcasts

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Littlewood, my letter was based on my experiences over a long number of years, and referred to congregational singing being affected by organists. Greatly as we are indebted to Bach, chorales have nothing to do with the point I raised.

The late Norman Cocker and I often met. I had the greatest admiration for him as an organist. Further, whenever I heard him, he was one of the few who, at that time, did not go off the beaten track.

To give further illustrations of the point I stressed—and I could give many—I mention two. The first was at a Congregational Church in a northern city. Through the wilful 'going off the rails' by the organist in one of the hymns, when it was not even a unison verse, the majority of the vast congregation of 2,000 just stopped singing in sheer bewilderment and frustration. The second was at a C.E. Rally in a south-west city. The organist, in the hymn preceding the address, in the third of five verses, and for no apparent reason, went berserk. The speaker, who had come down from the far north-east, was completely thrown out of gear.

These are but two of many instances I could give, and the organists did not realise their great responsibility. Instead of helping and inspiring the worshipper, they did incalculable harm.

It is this that I stressed in my letter, but I mentioned the radio, in particular, because I have frequently found that what they hear on the radio, organists try to copy! Broadcasting organists should set a good example, not a bad one.

As for sending Mr. Littlewood any of my compositions, I am quite prepared to do this if he is equally prepared to give me his word that he will play them as written, apart from using fuller chords. I assure him that variations for unison singing would be quite unnecessary, the words being sufficient guide—if one 'plays the words' as one should—when to use fuller chords. I take it that Mr. Littlewood would not dream of attempting to write variations on Bach!

As Mr. Littlewood can find no example of my compositions in the standard books, perhaps he may like to buy a copy of the June 8, 1957, number of the *Sunday Companion* in which two of my hymns will be featured. I might also inform him that there will be some of my work in the new Baptist Hymnbook.

Yours, etc.,  
Swindon B. EDWARD HARDY

### A Chesterton Exhibition

Sir,—I was delighted by the comment on the Chesterton exhibition in Manchester by your reporter Mr. James Entwistle which appeared in 'Did You Hear That?' in THE LISTENER of April 25, and as an admirer of G. K. regretted it was not substantially longer.

I have read several books by Chesterton and among them the Tauchnitz edition of *The Innocence of Father Brown*. I liked these Father Brown stories very much and I tried to get some more of them but till now without result. Well, if your correspondent or any one else could tell me if there exists a complete collection of Father Brown stories and where and at what price it is obtainable, I shall be grateful.

I know England is a country where all kinds of clubs and societies are formed and exist. Does anything like a Chesterton Society exist? And if so, what is its address?

Yours, etc.,  
Vinkovićeva 1,  
Zagreb, Yugoslavia V. LOPAŠIĆ

## Impressions of South Africa

(continued from page 779)

'When', I said, 'did George begin to realise he was a superior type of man?'

She replied: 'I suppose when he was about five'. Later on she said: 'You know, I am sorry for the Africans'.

'Why?' I asked.

'Because', she said, 'God made them black'. She was a very nice woman and her staff appeared to be devoted to her.

At Johannesburg I reached what everyone had told me was the storm centre, this amazing, bustling, vibrating city, which has spectacularly become the second largest in Africa: a city founded on gold to which, more recently, has been added uranium, a lawless city. The lovely houses round it have thick bars on the ground-floor windows, night watchmen, and large dogs. In immense native townships, usually about ten miles from the city, live some 500,000 Africans whose labours are essential to the life of the city. Africans from far away come to Johannesburg, from Nyasaland, from Mozambique, from Basutoland, lured by the prospects of earning what, by their standards, is big money. I stood on a hill and looked at one of these townships,

at the serried ranks of the little houses, not unlike the 'pre-fabs' in Britain, and my companion remarked: 'If they chose to do so those fellows would bring the life of this city to a full stop in four days'.

The urbanised African is the most critical part of the racial question. He has become tribalised and is attracted as a moth to a candle by many of the less meritorious aspects of the western way of life. Until a few years ago the African locations round Johannesburg were world famous for their slum conditions. The municipality has made a heroic effort to remedy this state of affairs and is certainly on top of that particular problem. Nevertheless thousands of Africans still live on or about the subsistence level, and the recent bus boycott, when for weeks on end thousands of Africans walked eight miles each day to and from their work in the city, was triggered off by the genuine inability of many Africans to pay the extra penny a day for the eight-mile journey.

I was in the city whilst this boycott was at its height and what worried the Europeans in Johannesburg was the astounding discipline

of the boycotters, the evidence the boycott provided of the ability of the African to organise a movement of this character. It was extraordinarily impressive to watch the stream of Africans moving out of Johannesburg on their daily trek home. On the outskirts of Alexandra, which was the township whose people were operating this boycott, perhaps 100 police would be standing. I watched the Africans move past the police as if they did not exist. Someone said to me: 'I can't help feeling sorry for the police, they look as if they were feeling so silly, waiting for trouble which the Africans are determined to avoid'.

But what can the African in the Union do about all this? All the cards, save one, are in the hands of the Nationalists: the Africans hold the card of passive resistance and it could be a trump card. On the other hand the standard of living of the African in the Union is higher than anywhere else. We shall see—I should guess within twenty years—whether the Union of South Africa is going to produce a type of man content to live by bread alone.

—Home Service



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ROBIN IRONSIDE

**D**ISTINCTIONS between academic and non-academic art, formerly the source of so much acrimonious debate, are no longer relevant to the discussion of contemporary painting and sculpture. Academies are now, comparatively speaking, without influence, and academicians might even resent the imputation that the institutions of which they are members are academic in anything but name. In the days of their supremacy, academies encouraged prescriptive techniques and prescriptive iconography; patronage was largely confined to those artists who carried out the prescriptions, and the term academic, when it is applied to the visual arts, is today charged with suggestions of narrow-mindedness and obstructive conservatism. But, though art is no longer in rebellious thrall to the reactionary principles of any tutelary organisation, this enfranchisement is perhaps in danger of being succeeded, insensibly, by a dangerous subservience to the kind of art which the government, as the most important patron, may decide to promote. Academic art was founded, at least ostensibly, on the respectable tenets of classicism, but there are now no accepted standards for the guidance of state patronage, and the fact that there is nevertheless a critical distinction to be made between official and non-official art is possibly an ominous one. If official art has distinctive characteristics at all, these must, in the circumstances, have been arbitrarily or fortuitously adopted and at the same time, if only on economic grounds, they are certain to be widely and thoughtlessly copied.

Mr. Reg Butler, a group of whose recent bronzes is now on view at the Hanover Gallery, and Signor Mirko Basaldella, who is at present exhibiting paintings and sculpture at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, may both be considered as exponents of official art. The inspiration of primitive or even prehistoric prototypes, which threatens to become a rigid element in official art today, is evident in the work of both, and each favours that conception of the human figure as having been arrested at some early but otherwise fanciful stage of evolution, a conception with whose features in public monuments we are doomed, perhaps, to grow increasingly familiar. Both are international prize-winners, and in the competition for a monument to 'The Unknown Political Prisoner' Butler was awarded the first and Mirko the second prize.

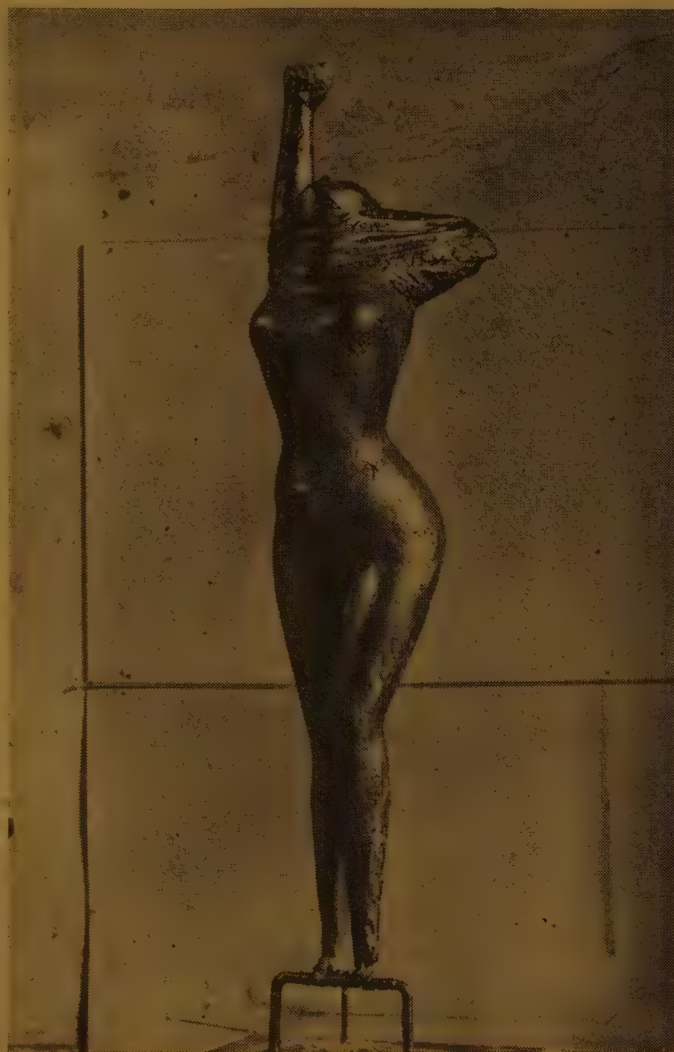
Their art, in its less generalised aspects, is dissimilar. The interest of Mirko's work is largely the product of an idiosyncratic technical virtuosity and an unabashed but imaginative exploitation of archaeological motifs. When he is at his best here, as in the subjects called 'Totem' (cut metal) and 'Maschera Tonda', the curiosity of his workmanship is immediately intriguing and the allusion in his subject-matter to some archaic exemplar is sufficiently imprecise to be stimulating. His art illustrates the inescapable influence of Malraux' *Musée Imaginaire*, but this is an influence to which grateful submission is usually a more fruitful response than any deliberate attempt to manu-

facture originality. On the whole, his pictures are less successful than his sculpture. Technically, the paintings may be just as skilful, but when they imitate effects which are usually produced by mechanical means, interest in the trick tends to oust less irrelevant considerations.

Butler, at any rate for the moment, has forsaken 'welding' for modelling. The bronzes at present on view at the Hanover Gallery are nearly all of mutilated girls. In most cases it is the extremities which are missing though the surgery in a few has been more drastic. It would be absurd to deny the peculiar beauty with which art invests what is fragmentary, and as far as sculpture is concerned the validity of the fragment might reasonably be regarded as, in a measure, platitudinous. But in considering Butler's bronzes, the impression is difficult to resist that they are either complete representations of maimed persons or else sketches for some female figure whose ultimate shape has not yet been decided to the sculptor's satisfaction. Whatever the intention may have been the monotony of the result remains; the repetitious effect might be unexceptionable in a studio, but it is inappropriate in an exhibition, and the authentic vigour, and occasionally passion, with which Butler models the female torso is obscured by the lack of conceptual variety. Mr. Robert Melville, in a sympathetic introduction to the catalogue of this exhibition, justly commends the assertive, almost confident, eroticism of these figures, but the most effective piece on view is perhaps the 'Circe Head' of which the catastrophes rather than the triumphs of the flesh are apparently the subject.

The Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place has acquired a reputation as the nursery of so-called Social Realist art. The work of Cynthia Pell, who is at present holding her first exhibition in this gallery, might more aptly be described as Social Futurist. A superficial glance at her pictures reveals the same concern with the details of a somewhat comfortless domesticity which has inspired the more established exponents

of 'Social Realism', though she paints with a lady-like hesitancy which is not usually associated with this kind of art. On closer inspection, however, the protagonists of her pictorial world turn out to be the *dramatis personae* of a nightmare. The mutants of the future, the children of a generation whose genes have been impaired by some perilous radiation, will, it is easy to believe, look something like this. It seems unlikely, however, that this gruesome effect would have been obtained so well if it had been sought deliberately. The artist has apparently used living persons as models and the element of grotesque caricature in her rendering of their appearance is more probably the result of an ill-judged expressionism. This view is supported by a few of the pictures in the present exhibition in which sympathy gets the better of distortion, and these might encourage criticism to label the artist, who was born in 1933, as a painter of promise. The promise will be brighter if Miss Pell can contrive to strengthen her techniques without lapsing into a spurious masculinity. A sculptor, Mr. Ivor Roberts Jones, will also be exhibiting at the same gallery by the time this article appears.



'Girl' (1954), a bronze by Reg Butler: from the exhibition at the Hanover Gallery



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Henry Brougham. By Frances Hawes. Cape. 25s.**

THE GREAT, THE REDOUTABLE, the extraordinary Henry Brougham eludes us in the twentieth century. Although he lived almost into the lifetime of people still with us he seems, with his infinite diversity of gifts, his restless curiosity about every aspect of existence, to be possessed of an intellectual completeness unknown to the modern world. With an illustrious Master of Balliol of Victorian times he could say 'What I don't know is not knowledge'. His own contributions to an understanding of him are vast—four volumes of speeches, three volumes of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* and a great, rambling, slightly senile autobiography. They are all bound in a singularly depressing shade of brown and we may surmise that they are hungrily thumbed by harassed librarians longing to expel them in the search for shelf-space. How wrong they would be and—we may say—how scholars of the future would deplore such expulsions! There remains no good biography of Brougham and although Mrs. Hawes covers the ground agreeably enough she fills no gap and opens up nothing new. But her book is a welcome reminder of this remarkable personality, and should be a stimulus to English historical scholarship to attempt in the round a picture of 'the best misinformed man in Europe', who defended Queen Caroline, became Lord Chancellor and launched the Victorian age on many of its most fundamental political and social reforms.

Mrs. Hawes pays a little more attention than some of Brougham's previous biographers to Mrs. Brougham—described by Sydney Smith as 'a showy, long, well-dressed, red and white widow' and by Creevey as looking 'like an interesting villager'. This lady was a member of the Eden family and if Mrs. Hawes is right in thinking that Brougham—the heir of the de Burghams of Brougham Castle as he loved to fancy—was afflicted by his middle-class origins his wife's connections may have set the balance right. But like press lords and history dons Mrs. Hawes is prone to exaggerate the importance of birth and ancestry in English public life. The leading politicians of Brougham's day—the Liverpools, Greys, Castlereaghs, Eldons, Cannings, Huskissons and Sidmouths were not drawn from the aristocracy. Some of them, it is true, were peers but of recent creation and it is wrong to imply that Brougham was politically handicapped because his origins were somewhat humble.

His handicap was that he never minded what he said, and no one could ever estimate what he was going to say next. To give one random example—and in passing the reader may well feel that this book could have been greatly enriched by drawing on Brougham's own speeches and writings—in his famous speech on the clergy of Durham who had refused to toll their cathedral bell when Queen Caroline died, he drew a wonderfully spirited picture of Scotland bereft of bishops and deans, 'of even a minor canon or rural dean; in such outer darkness do they sit that they support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence: nay the poor, benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes'. George IV was visiting Scotland at the time and Brougham expressed the hope that the King might not return with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy and pious congregations. Such taunts—worthy of Sydney Smith at his best—explain why all in authority were suspicious of Brougham and ner-

vous of him. In reality he was a touching character—with his brain ever working too fiercely for his physique—but always inspired by ideas of the grandest and most benign conception. One who really knew him lamented that his want of judgement and prudence prevented his prodigious talents and good intentions from being the blessing to mankind which they ought to have been.

**Captured in Tibet. By Robert Ford. Harrap. 18s.**

Robert Ford's *Captured in Tibet* is one of those very rare books which one can recommend to any reader of non-fiction with the almost complete certainty that he or she will find pleasure, instruction and edification in its perusal; but it is written so unpretentiously that its wealth of unique material may well be overlooked. It is unparalleled on three separate counts: it describes in vivid detail the daily life of Eastern Tibet, a region which was heretofore an almost complete blank on the anthropological map; it gives an eye-witness account of the Chinese communist invasion of Tibet, probably the least reported of all post-war imperialist aggressions; and it provides a most vivid description of a four-year interrogation and indoctrination ('brain washing', it is called in the popular press) by the Chinese communists fairly and convincingly, without any excessive indignation, and shows how a man of great integrity can be driven and led into making a consciously false confession and yet at the same time not completely lose his values. It also, almost inadvertently, paints a self-portrait of a man of uncommon sweetness of disposition, high intellectual attainments (he learned to read and write Chinese in prison, to speak Tibetan in the course of his work), open-minded, loyal, observant and humble; in short, if one can restore some of its pristine meaning to a shop-soiled word, Robert Ford appears from his book to be a good man, in every meaning of the phrase. This is so rare a quality, particularly when presented without ostentation or design, that his book would be a refreshment even without his unique subject-matter.

After a secondary school education in England, Robert Ford enlisted in the R.A.F.; at the end of the war he was a sergeant in India and volunteered to work for the radio officer of the British Mission in Lhasa. In 1948 he accepted employment under the Dalai Lama to establish a radio station at Chamdo in Eastern Tibet. Some two years later, the Chinese invasion took place; after a desperate attempt to escape to Lhasa over rugged countryside, Robert Ford was captured by the Chinese. He was in a way a prize prisoner, for he was practically the only concrete evidence of the 'Anglo-American domination' from which the Chinese invaders claimed to be 'liberating' Tibet. With their conspiratorial interpretation of society, the Chinese communists could not believe that Mr. Ford was not a Secret Service spy, that his presence in Chamdo had no political significance. By what looks like pure coincidence (but Mr. Ford is very cagey about this episode, to protect Tibetan friends of his) a pro-Communist Incarnate Lama had died very suddenly, almost certainly poisoned, while staying in the radio building at Chamdo. The Chinese inquisitors spent the better part of four years trying to make Mr. Ford confess to espionage and murder; he did eventually confess to the former, not to the latter.

He was never subjected to physical torture with instruments, though hunger, fatigue, physical exhaustion and the most rigorous confinement all played their role. Hope and fear, bribes and threats were all used, but it was above all the endless nagging, the combination of logical argument, quasi-psychiatric urging and revivalist exhortation, and the plain will to live which eventually produced the false confession. The British government had been pressing for his release, and his liberation was one of the few concrete fruits of the post-Geneva *détente*.

No short review can do justice to the richness of the material in these pages. Although the book has a happy ending with Mr. Ford's reunion with his parents, and his subsequent marriage, it fails to answer a query which must remain in many readers' minds: what use is now being made of Mr. Ford's quite exceptional qualities and knowledge? We do not have so many citizens of this calibre as to make the question irrelevant or impertinent. *Captured in Tibet* is quite lavishly illustrated, mainly with the photographs by the late Sir Eric Teichman.

**Baudelaire, A Self-Portrait. Selected Letters, translated and edited by L. B. Hyslop and F. E. Hyslop Jr. Oxford. 25s.**

How much do we need to know of the life of Baudelaire? Everything he has himself revealed and everything that literary scholarship can discover if we are to enter the inner life of *Les Fleurs du Mal*; and in this volume the authors have gathered all the essential data. But the result is not, as the sub-title claims, a self-portrait. The letters cannot be isolated and manipulated into a self-portrait because in them Baudelaire reveals only certain aspects of his complex nature, and Lois and Francis Hyslop have been compelled to employ long stretches of linking narrative and commentary to give any fullness and depth to our comprehension of the poet's miserable existence. Baudelaire's lucidity is not of the kind that seeks an uninhibited self-confession; *Mon Coeur Mis à Nu* is a probing searchlight turned on the world in which he was condemned to live (and in which, mysteriously, he chose to live) rather than on himself, and when Sartre wrote a long introduction to the *Œuvres Intimes* it was to attempt an answer to the questions Baudelaire never asked about himself. In fact we may be certain that if Baudelaire had composed an autobiographical portrait it would have been just one more of his many masks. Only in the last letter to Ancelle does he permit the masks to be recognised as masks: 'Must I tell you, you who have not guessed it any more than the others, that in this atrocious book' (i.e. *Les Fleurs du Mal*) 'I have put all my heart, all my love, all my religion (travestied), all my hate? It is true that I shall write the contrary, that I shall swear by all the gods that this is a work of pure art, of mimicry, of virtuosity; and I shall be a shameless liar'. 'Travestied': here is the key-word to the mystery of Baudelaire, the word which strips off the masks of aestheticism and satanism, and exposes the unique and horrifying vocation to which he committed himself.

The facts of Baudelaire's life are known in great detail, and he never made any secret of them. The happy and secure childhood, his father's death when he was six years old, the shock of his mother's remarriage, the early brilliancy and the early profligacy, 'l'affreuse juive'





## THE LARGE BACK ROOM

By PODALIRIUS

Suppose the British death-rate in 1951 had been the same as it was in 1901; some 500,000 now living would be dead. Clearly, a great deal of progress has been made in the art of living longer. But how has it been done? It certainly isn't being so cheerful that has kept us going. We have to thank the medical officers of health for a good deal—for better drains, cleaner water, special care of mothers and children, and a short way with epidemics. Then doctoring generally is much better than it was: disease, on the whole, is spotted earlier, investigated more thoroughly, and more successfully treated than it used to be. Even health has attracted some attention, and we now have a glimmering of the principles of sound nutrition and try to apply them.

Yes, I think the medical profession must take a little credit. All the same, on the—very rare—occasions when someone says to me, "You doctors are wonderful," I am abashed; for the fact is we have had a lot of help.

Take industry, for instance. When a surgeon thinks of some delightful tool that would help him round a tricky corner, does he, like other people, have to spend his evenings making it for himself in a shed in the back garden? Not often. He usually takes the idea to a firm of surgical-instrument makers, who fall over themselves to get the thing just so. Or suppose a scientist discovers a promising new drug: pharmaceutical firms all over the world set about making it in large quantities. Surgeons in their theatres, scientists in their university retreats, and even physicians face to face with the whole patient, are a desperately inventive lot. Moreover, industrial laboratories do a lot of original research on their own account; many of the new antibiotic drugs, to which so many of us owe our lives, were discovered by the pharmaceutical industry.

And industry apart, we doctors have gathered round us an all-star cast of nurses, physiotherapists, almoners, social workers, dietitians, caterers, radiographers, pharmacists, chiropodists, laboratory technicians, cooks, porters, ward-maids and bottle-washers, all of whom must take some blame for the fact that more Britons now live longer.

\* \* \* \*

*Among the culprits charged with, and convicted of, making more Britons live longer are those proud little chaps the vitamins, minerals and proteins. Doctors and dietitians tell us (and can prove it, so it's no use arguing) that these are essential components of our diet, and that we need a fresh supply every day. They go further. They tell us where we can find them. The wheat germ, for instance, is the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. Bemax is stabilized wheat germ pure and simple, and taken daily it makes a special contribution to our physical well-being.*

*THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS. A second series of selected Podalirius articles is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.*

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by  
Vitamins Ltd. (Dept. L.T.10), Upper Mall, London, W.6.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
AND SIGNIFICANCE...  
IMPARTIALLY!

**1/6d.**  
at better  
Newsagents  
and  
Bookstalls

## INGRES DRAWINGS

from the

Musée Ingres,  
Montauban

Arts Council Gallery,  
4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1

Until 18 May

Admission 1/-

Thurs. 10—8  
Fri., Sat. 10—6

## GRANADA

in the Sunny South of Spain

A superior holiday at amazingly low all-in cost at the Spanish language courses in the XVII-century Abbey of the Sacro Monte from 15th June (VIth International Festival of Music and Dancing and Corpus Christi Fiestas) to 24th August.

From beginners to advanced levels, with literature, music, art, guitar, climbing and skiing.

Minimum stay three weeks.

Pamphlet from  
INSTITUTO DE LENGUAS MODERNAS,  
Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

## THE INDIAN MUTINY

A CENTENARY HISTORY

Major-General

**Richard Hilton**

D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

'A short authoritative account by an author with personal experience of India and her peoples, and a capacity for writing ... Perhaps the most notable aspect of this book is its passionless objectivity. The author's great knowledge of India ... and his affectionate understanding of Indians of all races enable him to pursue his way with judicial calm. It is in some ways a terrible book, but it is certainly an ennobling one.' The Earl of Birkenhead in the DAILY TELEGRAPH

18s. net

HOLLIS & CARTER

## INVEST WITH THE CITY OF NOTTINGHAM

MORTGAGE LOANS  
FOR 2, 3, 5 OR 7 YEARS

TRUSTEE SECURITIES

NO EXPENSES TO LENDER

LOANS REPAYED IN FULL AT MATURITY OR RENEWED ON  
MUTUALLY AGREED TERMS

NO CHANGE IN RATE OF INTEREST DURING SELECTED PERIOD

For current terms and particulars apply to:—

CITY TREASURER  
EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, NOTTINGHAM



and the contraction of syphilis, Jeanne Duval and her torments, the family councils, the legal guardians doling out an allowance, the fussy probity of M. Ancelle, his mother's incomprehension, the court's condemnation of his book, the debts piling up and up and duns on the doorstep while will-power lapsed and it was impossible to write any more—all this is here in these letters and the commentary, all that the analyst could possibly need. Yet why is it that when Dr. René Laforgue, in his *L'Échec de Baudelaire*, has skilfully brought his analysis to its expected conclusion we feel, however obscurely, that he has left the mystery untouched? For the more we interrogate Baudelaire's life the more it appears the product of a willed choice, the less it seems the passive consequence of a psychic necessity: 'I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror'.

The creation of the poet was not a compensation for the inner defeat; as we scrutinise the work in the light of the life we discover that the defeat had to be embodied in the poetic creation. '*Quand j'aurai inspiré le dégoût et l'horreur universels, j'aurai conquis la solitude*', he wrote. And as the century came to identify itself more closely with its sublime hypocrisies ('the salvation of humanity by balloons, etc.') there was no other course left for the poet except to be the *poète maudit*, the scapegoat in the wilderness. It was the only way of speaking the truth in the 'epoch of doomed algebra', as René Char calls it, because it was the only way left of making the self available to the mysterious sources of poetic truth. But Baudelaire, *voyant* and prophet, assumed a poetic mask; perhaps 'pure art . . . virtuosity' provided the necessary tight-lipped ferocity through which the vision could be hissed? but perhaps it is here we can glimpse the fundamental *échec*, a failure to trust, the inability to love?

### The Bird Watcher's Reference Book

By Michael Lister. Phoenix. 45s.

This book is really something new, and will be indispensable for all field observers and serious bird watchers, amateur or professional, young or old. It does for the modern field ornithologist what Elliot Coues' *Field and General Ornithology* did for the collector-ornithologists of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and it will undoubtedly achieve a reputation as wide and as high.

The author has aimed at providing a convenient source of reference and practical help on some of the 'background subjects which impinge upon real bird watching at so many points'. He has collected an extraordinary amount of information which the bird watcher needs to know but has been able to obtain only by laborious search of a voluminous literature, much of it not directly concerned with birds. The headings of the six chapters and the two appendices give a general idea of the scope of the work: Habitats, Vegetation and Birds; Types of British Vegetation; Weather; On Writing a Paper; Directory; Glossary and General Reference Section; Classification of Habitats; List of Periodicals; but it is not until the reader digs into the text that he realises the enormous amount of ground that is covered. An especially valuable feature is the Glossary and General Information section of some 700 ornithological and allied terms, with their German, Dutch, and French equivalents, which explains not only the older terms used in anatomy, taxonomy and genetics but also the latest scientific jargon of the 'behaviourists'. The Directory lists some 650 periodicals published all over the world which deal with birds and gives particulars of about seventy bird observatories and ringing stations. The text is most lucid and readable and will surely set many a bird watcher on the way to making and record-

ing observations of real scientific value; it is very well illustrated with numerous line drawings and sixteen photographic plates. One cannot speak too highly of this invaluable volume which will be the field ornithologist's 'bible' for many years to come.

### Russia Leaves the War

By George Kennan. Faber. 50s.

This is an absorbing book, as exciting as any thriller. Its point of departure is the seizure of power in Petrograd by the Bolsheviks on November 7-8, 1917; it ends with the ratification of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in March 1918 by the Congress of Soviets. Just as in every other thriller, almost all the characters in this book are at cross-purposes; and each sees the other's actions and behaviour through a haze of misunderstanding and suspicion. Mr. Kennan, now Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, writes as a historian; but he was once a member of the American diplomatic service so he tends to view with a professional eye the problems that arise in the diplomatic field through duplication and lack of candour. His story illustrates

. . . the infinite possibilities for misunderstanding, confusion, intrigue, and malevolent exploitation that are always present when inexperienced people, whose status is unclarified, are permitted to dabble in the transactions between governments. It was by just such dabbling that the initial stages of American-Soviet relations were dominated, and from this that they received their muddy complexity. Out of the resulting confusion grew, in large part, the many myths and controversies by which their memory has been followed.

At the time of the crisis there were in Russia, in addition to the Ambassador and his staff, a number of American official missions, and a host of semi-official persons with an ill-defined status. Mr. Kennan describes them and their foibles in one of his early chapters. First, there was the Ambassador, Mr. David R. Francis, a successful business-man from Missouri, a former Governor of his State, appointed to Petrograd in 1916 at the age of sixty-five. His preference for an evening's entertainment 'ran to good cigars, good whisky and a few good cronies around the card table, rather than to large and elegant mixed gatherings'. He disliked what the Americans call the 'striped pants' attitude of the career diplomatist, so he was never on terms of friendship with any member of his staff. The other Ambassadors treated him with amusement and condescension.

Then there was General Judson, the Military Attaché—in this capacity the Ambassador's subordinate—and head of the U.S. Military Mission in Russia—in that capacity independent of the Embassy. There was also Mr. Sisson, of the United States Information Service, formerly news editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. The Red Cross was represented by two outstanding and difficult personalities—Mr. William Boyce Thompson, 'a fabulous figure of American business in the years before the First World War; copper magnate, stock market operator and financial promoter, he had amassed a tremendous personal fortune'; and Mr. Raymond Robins, 'a characteristic figure of the liberal movement of the Middle West in the years before World War I'. Both these Red Cross leaders conceived it to be their duty to guide the Russian revolution into liberal ways.

All these representatives communicated independently with Washington; they dealt on their own initiative and without any sort of consultation among themselves with the various Russian leaders, and so presented President Wilson and his Secretary of State with a mass of conflicting information and advice on Russian affairs. The aim of the men in the field,

as of the men in Washington, was to prevent the ratification of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk by the Congress of Soviets and to keep Russia in the war on the side of the Western Powers. It was a task that they might not have undertaken if they had understood the nature of the Bolshevik revolt.

In the thick of all this confused endeavour, idealism kept breaking in. As the Bolsheviks were on the point of strangling the democratic republic of Russia, Robins wrote in his diary: 'A great day for Russia and the world . . . War: Civil War and the Commune. What an hour. O my Father . . . Help America and Russia and the free peoples of the world'.

Mr. Kennan, with all his experience as a career diplomatist to guide him, strikes a more astringent note. He writes of the 'stubborn (American) tendency to speak subjectively in the fulsome vocabulary of American idealism rather than in terms that might have practical meaning to people elsewhere'. He speaks of President Wilson's refusal 'to take official cognizance of (unpleasant) events which, however real, were uncongenial to the purposes of American statesmanship'. And he criticises the 'unshakeable American faith that the mere presence of large numbers of other Americans—regardless of such trivia as personal qualifications, linguistic attainment, or official function—is bound to be helpful in any troublesome foreign situation'.

This is a book that goes back to some of the root causes of American-Soviet misunderstanding and friction. It throws light on weaknesses that are still current in American diplomacy; and also upon the quarrels that are still raging between those who see nothing but good in the Soviet regime and those who are blindly hostile. Mr. Kennan writes throughout as a liberal with a critical approach; and in this capacity, of course, he has been fired on by both extremes. Yet he makes one comment that strikes the present reviewer as out of character in its insistence upon legitimacy. Discussing the Soviet Government's action in disbanding the Constituent Assembly, he writes:

A milestone had been passed; the Bolsheviks had finally stamped themselves as usurpers. From this time on, they would be irrevocably separated from the western powers by that subtle barrier dividing regimes which defer in principle to the popular will from those which do not—a barrier that does not rule out co-existence, but that defines its nature and prescribes its limitations.

Mr. Kennan's further volumes in this series will be eagerly awaited. *Russia Leaves the War* is described as the first volume in the history of Soviet-American relations from 1917 to 1920.

### Human Disease. By A. E. Clark-Kennedy. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Clark-Kennedy was formerly Dean of the London Hospital Medical School and at an earlier date he lectured on Physiology in Cambridge. Academically speaking, he is therefore very well equipped to tell the story of human diseases to laymen. 'The intelligent man in the street', he writes, 'is no longer prepared to let the medical profession keep all their knowledge under their hats. He expects the facts to be explained to him and to be allowed to form his own judgements'. The main object of Dr. Clark-Kennedy's book is therefore to provide the layman with sufficient knowledge to understand the main principles of medical diagnosis and treatment. Dr. Clark-Kennedy also expresses the hope that this book may 'prove of some value to medical students at all stages in their careers and even possibly to doctors'.

The author has loaded his book with too many facts, more than the layman requires and more than he will be able to handle. He would have been wiser not to have covered so much



ground, for his lay readers will be weary long before they have reached the end of their journey. Even the reviewer, a medical man, found the going a little hard at times and was reminded

of his far-off student days! The author has been more successful in achieving the secondary object of his book. Dr. Clark-Kennedy, as ex-Dean of a Medical School, knows exactly what

a medical student needs when preparing himself for an examination and, in the reviewer's opinion, he has overrated the industry, persistence and the requirements of the layman.

## New Novels

- The Sandcastle.** By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.  
**The Red Rock Wilderness.** By Elspeth Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 15s.  
**Unto a Good Land.** By Vilhelm Moberg. Reinhardt. 18s.  
**The Friends.** By Godfrey Smith. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

OLD Demoyte, a veined and crag-billed Munnings portrait, has consented to retire at last. In startled gratitude, the school—a Stanley Spencer: brick and innocence—commissions an artist to do him for the hall. So down the Portsmouth road bounces the green Riley with its cargo from France: Rain Carter, orphaned, red-cheeked and sad-eyed as a young Rouault clown in her urchin cut and black trousers, bringing blue Dufy weather, and a spoon to stir their teacup existence to tempest. She must paint, she declares seriously, not just a face, but a life. Demoyte's life has been the school; and they are all caught, blinking and self-conscious, in the searchlight of art. Becoming aware of the cartoon outlines in which their public characters have set, they scramble for the alternatives, and private fantasies spill and flutter forth like symbolic doves in a Chagall dream-piece. Young girls see visions, the art master prophesies, and poor Mor, greyest of housemasters, falls head over heels in love at forty-five. In other words, Iris Murdoch's new novel describes an irruption into the English countryside of the vision of Iris Murdoch.

Simply, it is the vision of modern art. What makes Miss Murdoch, for me, our most exciting and original young novelist, is the extraordinary fact that she seems the first to have looked at the painting of the last thirty years. She imports at last into fiction the techniques and sensibility of the great French moderns, bridging a gap in taste which has kept the novel, in this country at least, a generation or more behind the visual arts. She writes, as everyone since the Post-Impressionists has painted, to create form: joyously pulling reality about to yield the most brilliant, surprising patterns of colour and relation. Her novels are conceived in terms of composition rather than depth. Characters stay bold and simple as Matisse figures. Their interest lies in the picturesque geometrical complexity of their relationships—a young bluestocking trapped in a triangle with two Polish brothers, an attractive young woman crammed into a small car with a quadrilateral of jealous middle-aged schoolmasters. And the books' designs are nailed together with a set of personal but expressive symbols—fish, jewels, nets, rivers—which carry the themes, and make any work by Iris Murdoch as instantly recognisable as a de Chirico or a Klee. It is the great strength of *Under the Net* and *Flight from the Enchanter* that their most moving moments convey aesthetic emotions: emotions, I mean, roused by whole pictures rather than by passions depicted. You might put it another way, and say they differ from ordinary novels as ballet, usually, differs from drama.

That is also, in a sense, their great weakness. In her third novel, Miss Murdoch sets out simultaneously to criticise and remedy it. *The Sandcastle* aims at drama rather than ballet, and its drama is a conflict of aesthetics with life, art with matter. True, its heroine brings to the traditional landscape she invades new colour, clarity, and delight. She snatches Mor from his desk in mid-afternoon to go on a picnic which ends, in a moment of purest Murdoch enchant-

ment, with her sports car tipping slowly over from a crumbling bank on to its back in a stream, whose sunny waters go gurgling through its windows. But she finds there too a depth and solidity missing from her own life. The image of the title sums it all up. In the south of France, where her artist father reared her, she tells Mor, she enjoyed the perfect freedom of sun and sea; but in the light, sun-dried Riviera sand she could never build castles. Mor's life, bounded by the dreary school ritual on one hand and the damping contempt of his wife on the other, lacks colour, but has a shape, a body. 'If you break these bonds', warns the art master, prophesying shrilly, 'you destroy a part of the world!' 'I might build another', cries Mor desperately; but in the end Rain, too, sees that the freedom with which she tempts him would only destroy what she loves him for, reducing his life to dry sand. Miss Murdoch's case for *terra firma* as against art's dolphin corals doesn't wholly stand up to her own testimony. Much the best things in the novel are sea-changes in her old, magical manner; anyone can write about schoolmasters. But one sees the fusion she aims at. She will achieve it one day.

Elspeth Huxley's travel books on East and West Africa won so many golden opinions that I opened *The Red Rock Wilderness* filled with anticipation. The first third of the novel fulfilled expectations, the second raised even higher ones. The story begins simply as a travel book with a fictitious hero. Andrew Colquhoun arrives in Nairobi penniless, but determined to cross the continental watershed; and for the next seventy pages we follow him from the teeming Indian markets of Kenya's capital up to the land of high, great lakes, where Uganda, Sudan and Equatorial Africa meet, and the Nile and Congo rise. The miles of dusty green ranges unroll in the thick gold afternoons; a stubby steamer whistles from jetty to jetty round Lake Albert's shallow margin; blue in the south-eastern distance rise the Mountains of the Moon. The descriptions are impressive, with a real sense of a continental character behind each African landscape.

Andrew's goal is in the Congo: the clinic, almost a place of pilgrimage, where Clausen, the great Norwegian biologist, retired to the jungle years ago. For a moment, it seems as if Schweitzer's career may have inspired Miss Huxley with a superb and virgin theme: genius expressing itself in the medium of Africa. Instead, the final third of *The Red Rock Wilderness* turns, sickeningly, into a traditional African thriller—witch-doctor, conspiracy, human sacrifice and all. Sickeningly, because the source of thrills is that same mythology of fear Haggard and Buchan drew on fifty years ago. Africa is dark. Darkness is in her heart, and cannot be rooted out. It will return with night, with tortures and bloody rituals. It survives below the veneer of civilisation. Is it not the most educated, Europeanised African who reverts to the coldest savagery? Obviously, Miss Huxley is writing an entertainment, not a political testament. Obviously, it would insult her intelligence to

suppose she seriously adhered to any of these superstitions. But, to this extent, they adhere to her; unchecked, her imagination supplies the fears. It seems to me appalling that people can bring up children in a society where such fears are so casually indigenous.

It seems still more appalling if you contrast *The Red Rock Wilderness* with Vilhelm Moberg's *Unto a Good Land*, which also deals with settlers on a wild continent. This is the second volume in a trilogy about Swedish emigrants to Minnesota in the 1850s: a long, slow, beautifully written book which I found absorbing. Here is what a perfect relationship with one's land can be. Karl Oskar and Kristina Nilsson, with their two children and another on the way, land in New York with a few hundred dollars and no word of English, travel up the Hudson and by train to Buffalo, through the Great Lakes, and so to the Minnesota prairie. They choose a site, squat, build, till, sow and grow to love it. They are attacked by one wild animal: a skunk. They get on amicably with their neighbours, including the remaining Indians, by avoiding unnecessary dangers, such as feuds, in order to concentrate on the pressing and inevitable ones—cold, hunger, childbirth, cholera. In their first winter, without a crop, they nearly starve, and Karl Oskar, carrying home flour ten miles through the snow, almost surrenders to the cold. But the ice breaks, the baby is born, the first letter comes from Sweden. Hr. Moberg makes their ordeals and temptations fascinating without over-refining his people. He has steeped himself in detail of the period, and each incident has the simple and slightly wooden authenticity of a Currier and Ives print. The nearest literary comparison I can think of is Willa Cather's picture of Quebec in *Shadow on the Rock*, but the closest thing in quality perhaps is the opening scenes of the Huston film of *Moby Dick*, with their reconstruction of old New Bedford's clapboard streets and carved profiles. Hr. Moberg's illusion of historical reality is as strikingly convincing.

We've all clamoured so long for a real, inside political novel, is it ungrateful to wish Godfrey Smith's *The Friends* were not quite so far 'in'? For one thing it wouldn't be nearly so short, and it could be twice as detailed—detail, of course, being the stuff of political interest, general principles of none whatever. Mr. Smith shows his form in a lively bit of field-work among the Geneva playgrounds of the international secretariats; he creates a sense of back-room goings-on, and a lively, rather shop-worn Vassar heiress. But in London, all is allusion, first names, O.K. labels, no more. We are expected to recognise and construct the types ourselves—the hero, a rising, mediocre young Butskellite minister, his party rival and old Oxford friend, a rough left-wing diamond in the Bevan mould. It is all exceedingly witty and well-managed, but slightly in the manner of those political articles, with an 'of course' in every sentence, which are so knowing they can scarcely stoop to be informative.

RONALD BRYDEN





# A budget for the Bookman

## or the £ s. d. of LIT

### A MEMBER SAYS IT (AFTER TWENTY YEARS)

"I have been a member of RU since the first volume, and I remember that you promised then that with your help members would be able to build a balanced collection of worthy books. And how magnificently you have redeemed that promise. . . . When I sent in my application for membership in 1937, I could never have imagined receiving such books as *The Impressionists* or *Russell's Western Philosophy* or *The European Inheritance*, and all this in addition to the variety of the monthly choices".—K.M.K., Surrey.

"BUY A LIBRARY", said Arnold Bennett in *LITERARY TASTE*. "It is obvious that you cannot read unless you have books. The moment has now come to inform you plainly that a bookman is, amongst other things, a man who possesses many books. Mark Pattison laid down a rule that he who desired the name of booklover must spend five per cent. of his income on books. The proposal does not seem extravagant. . . ." But READERS UNION makes it extravagant. It is surprising, but true, that for no more than twopence ha'penny a day you can, as an RU member, acquire, or extend, a personal library "in comely and adequate editions". If you actually spent five per cent. of your income with RU you could buy a lot of all the riches RU had to offer, and still have a lot of money to spare! It works thus: RU chooses a book a month, not elsewhere cheaply available, from the lists of any publisher—the sort of book you, as a *Listener* reader, would like to buy in its normal edition—and issues it, for its members only, at a half to a quarter of its price elsewhere. And members also have a unique privilege: they can buy from RU's astonishing range of extra bargains covering fields of special interest: history, sociology, archaeology, the arts, philosophy, poetry and standard works of reference. There is no other organization like RU: it is unique in the breath-taking variety and level of its programmes, in its application of reader co-operation to wide fields of reading. Nor are its books cheap in any way except in price: individually designed (and not uniform), library bound, usually illustrated, unabridged. Now, as a barrier to inflation, is the time to give RU a chance. It is the world's best book buy. Look at the plans outlined below; if you like the prospect, enrol for a trial period. This costs little. You are fairly certain to enjoy it—and by golly, in any case, you'll get value for your money!

### THE MONTHLY BOOKS SAVING £3.13.0

The selected books, if you require only one RU book a month.

June—November

#### A Man's Estate by EMYR HUMPHREYS

A strange and powerful novel by "the finest writer of his generation"—*New Statesman*. "A genuine work of art"—*Daily Telegraph*.

JUNE. Eyre & Spottiswoode 15s.; RU 5s. 6d.

#### Dylan Thomas in America by J. M. BRINNIN

The poet's last years: "great tragic material and Mr. Brinnin has risen to his occasion"—Philip Toynbee; "One of the most remarkable experiments in biography of our times."—*Listener*. Plates.

JULY. Dent 18s.; RU 5s. 6d.

#### God Protect Me From My Friends

by GAVIN MAXWELL

The astonishing life-story of the Sicilian "bandit" leader, Salvatore Giuliano, who defied the Italian army through seven years of guerrilla warfare. "A really vivid picture of Sicilian life"—V. S. Pritchett. Plates.

AUGUST. Longmans 18s. RU 5s. 6d.

#### In Time of Trouble by CLAUD COCKBURN

An outrageous and witty autobiography by the founder of *The Week*, which rocked governments in the '30's. "Refreshing and unusual . . . the life story of an ex-Communist who is above all a political entertainer"—Cyril Connolly.

SEPTEMBER. Hart-Davis 21s.; RU 5s. 6d.

#### Journey Down a Rainbow

by I. B. PRIESTLEY AND JACQUETTA HAWKES

A remarkable travel book, a comparison of the two civilisations—Indian and oilman—of the South-West U.S.A. "Contains much that is wise and fine . . . memorable and alarming"—*Observer*.

OCTOBER. Heinemann 18s.; RU 5s. 6d.

#### A Night to Remember by WALTER LORD

The first full account, factual, vivid and brilliant, of the sinking of *The Titanic*. "His narrative is as powerful as his theme"—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

NOVEMBER. Longmans 16s.; RU 5s. 6d.

### PEOPLE • PLACES • THINGS • IDEAS

RU's greatest-ever bargain. A new and exciting kind of encyclopaedia in four lavish volumes portraying the aspirations and achievements of mankind; the great men, historic places, significant inventions and ideas that have changed the world. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith, each fascinating and colourful volume contains over 200,000 words in alphabetically arranged sections written by experts, with 176 full-page plates (16 in colour). Whether for browsing or for reference, this unique work offers endless pleasure and instruction. Priced elsewhere £8 8s. the set, it costs RU members only £4 16s. Four colour prospectus on request.

### YOUR CHOICE FROM THESE EXTRAS SAVING £8.15.6

To spend more, even occasionally, you may choose from this list.

These are not alternatives to the Monthly Books, but optional extra bargain offers, covering a wide range of special interests. On those listed here you can save over £8! Those you want may be added to your enrolment form. RU is currently distributing the four-volume encyclopaedic *PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS AND IDEAS* (edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Gibbs-Smith) at about half normal price, and has issued such standard works as *THE EUROPEAN INHERITANCE* (3 vols.), *THE SHORTER CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY* (2 vols.) and *EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AND PROVERBS*, also at bargain prices. Details of available extras will be sent on enrolment, and a full list of available past titles.

#### THE OXFORD ATLAS

With 112 large pages of maps and extensive gazetteer this beautiful reference book is "unlikely to be superseded for many years"—*Twentieth Century*.

SEPTEMBER. O.U.P. 50s.; RU 30s.

#### POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

Edited by Richard Aldington

A 1,000-page anthology from *Beowulf* till today. "A work of scholarship and devotion."—Vernon Fane.

JULY. Heinemann 30s.; RU 15s.

#### FRANCE 1940-1955

by Alexander Werth

The story of the Occupation, the Resistance and the post-war crisis brilliantly told by one of the great foreign correspondents. "Masterly"—*Sphere*.

AUGUST. Robert Hale 35s.; RU 16s.

#### THE HISTORY OF MAN

by Carleton Coon

The most ambitious attempt at the whole human story since Wells. "Clear, authoritative . . . would be difficult to better"—Glyn Daniel. Profusely illustrated.

APRIL. Cape 28s.; RU 15s.

#### OLD FOURLEGS

by J. L. B. Smith

*The Story of the Coelacanth*. A modern Moby Dick. The dramatic human story behind the discovery of the fish thought to have been extinct for fifty million years. "A fascinating book"—*Sunday Times*.

OCTOBER. Longmans 21s.; RU 10s.

#### THE OUTSIDER

by Colin Wilson

The sensation of 1956—and no nine-day wonder! "A real contribution to the understanding of our deepest predicament"—Philip Toynbee (*Observer*).

SEPTEMBER. Gollancz 21s.; RU 8s. 6d.

#### YOUNG SAMUEL JOHNSON

A biography by James L. Clifford

"This truly admirable work . . . widens and fortifies our esteem for Dr. Johnson"—Harold Nicolson (*Observer*).

JUNE. Heinemann 30s.; RU 14s.

#### MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS

by Sir John Rothenstein

The Director of the Tate Gallery surveys English art in a series of lively, and critical biographical studies of those who have made it, from Sickert to Moore. "Note-worthy for its knowledge . . . insight . . . sympathy"—*Manchester Guardian*. Many plates. NOVEMBER. Eyre & Spottiswoode 65s. (2 vols.); RU 27s. 6d. (1 vol.)

#### NARROW PASS, BLACK MOUNTAIN

by C. W. Ceram

The re-discovery of the Hittite Empire described by the author of *Gods, Graves and Scholars*. "Holds the reader captivated"—*British Weekly*. Many plates. NOVEMBER. Gollancz with Sidgwick & Jackson 25s.; RU 12s. 6d.

#### I LOOKED FOR ADAM

by Herbert Wendt

The story of man's search for his ancestors. "Exceptionally well told . . . and illustrated."—*The Times Educational Supplement*.

JUNE. Weidenfeld & Nicolson 30s.; RU 15s.

#### UNDER MILK WOOD

by Dylan Thomas

In its brilliance, sympathy, humour and joy this "play for voices" is the poet's finest epitaph. "Quite magical"—Richard Church.

OCTOBER. Dent 9s. 6d.; RU 5s. 6d.

### JOIN READERS UNION

(YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW)

READERS UNION, 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2 (or hand to your bookseller)

I join READERS' UNION from \_\_\_\_\_ (month), will buy six consecutive monthly volumes and then give 1 month's notice if I resign.

☐ U.K.: I will pay 5s. 6d. after receipt of each monthly book (plus 9d. p. and p.).  
☐ U.K.: I enclose 37s. 6d. for 6 months. ☐ OVERSEAS: I enclose 36s. for 6 months. (CANADA: \$5.00.) (Including postage and packing.)

I am now entitled to buy from among your extra bargains. (These will be announced in your free READER'S NEWS, but you may add any of the above extras to your present enrolment form.)

SIGNED (clearly, please)

ADDRESS



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Europe and Asia

ONE OF THE MANY acquirments I owe to my school years is, or was, an intense dislike of watching football. This attitude was instilled by the simple method of making it compulsory to watch school matches, and so successful was it that never since those remote days until four months ago have I watched a match or even read about it in the newspapers. But four months ago it became my duty once more to watch football and, recalling Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, I squared my jaw, switched on a match, and for the first time in my life found football bearable. The next match was interesting, the third thrilling, and if there had been no other programmes



'Half the World Away' on May 10: a Chinese woman, who is training to become a teacher, interviewed by Christopher Chataway

awaiting my attention I would have been content last week to watch Manchester United and Aston Villa (in Sunday's telerecording), England and the Republic of Ireland, and Scotland and Spain fighting it out. But don't misunderstand me: when watching football I insist on a comfortable chair, a warm dry room, and constant close-ups of those niceties of the game which only television can supply. If you had offered me the best seat at Wembley or Glasgow for these events I would have refused it, politely I hope but with ill-disguised horror.

But I was on the point of omitting what was certainly the most surprising and attractive event of the week's football. The match shown in Wednesday's 'Tonight' took place at Newquay, Cornwall, where the star player among a team of human males was a small black-and-white terrier bitch called Whisky who gave a display of dribbling which any international might envy. As the commentator remarked, she kept not only her eye but her nose on the ball, threading her way through the legs and boots of the other players with an unswerving perseverance which gained her one—or was it two?—goals. It was a magni-

ficently comic spectacle in which a gallant allowance for her size and sex was made by the human players.

This was in a particularly good number of 'Tonight', by which I mean that it provided more to interest and amuse me than usual. The day, as it happened, was World Red Cross Day and, in answer to questions from Geoffrey Johnson Smith, Lady Limerick gave a concise and eloquent summary of the history of the Red Cross from its foundation in 1863 to the present day. Among other items we were shown some thrilling shots of canoe races on the Marne which, like Iser in Campbell's poem, was flowing rapidly, and, following this, one of those French bull-fights in which the bull—a young one—has knobs on his horns and the *toreros* are all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys who are bold enough to take him on.

In 'The Ardennes', the fourth talk in his second series of 'Men in Battle', Sir Brian Horrocks described the Battle of the Bulge in which the Germans, having assembled a panzer army, smashed through the American position to a depth of forty-five miles during the last days of 1944 in a desperate attempt to take Brussels. Sir Brian is a master of the art of bringing to life the complicated strategy and tactics of a modern battle, and his lucid and fast-moving exposition of Hitler's last bid for victory made an intensely exciting story which was supplemented and clarified by a filmed contribution by Brigadier E. T. Williams, Montgomery's chief Information Officer.

Christopher Chataway's three programmes called 'Half the World Away', which presented his talks with a number of young Asians of his own generation in Delhi, Hong Kong, and (last Friday) Singapore, and an admirable sequence of films, had the valuable effect of putting us in touch with the various trends of feeling and opinion among the young people of those cities. This is one of television's most important functions and it could hardly have been better done than in these excellent programmes.

An hour later Aneurin Bevan faced a barrage of questions from Francis Williams, Ed Newman, Malcolm Muggeridge, and Sefton Delmer.



Aneurin Bevan, M.P., being questioned in 'Press Conference' on May 10 by (left to right) Francis Williams, Sefton Delmer, Ed Newman, and Malcolm Muggeridge



An incident during the World Cup football match between England and the Republic of Ireland, played at Wembley on May 8

Mr. Bevan, while treating important questions with all proper seriousness, raised this 'Press Conference' to the level of a lively social event which at one moment exploded into uproarious mirth. These programmes never fail to combine a great deal of authoritative information with a strong human interest: to these ingredients Mr. Bevan added a spice of quiet humour which put the finishing touch to the entertainment.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

### DRAMA

#### See For Yourself

'UNDER MILK WOOD' had been clipped to ninety minutes for television—'slightly pruned', said Henry Sherek, still quivering, I dare say, from the gaze of the man with the stop-watch and the time-sheet. On the night (and I have to confess to a certain wicked tingling, though I fought against it) the production occupied at

least 110 minutes of television time. There was an unlucky gap in the middle during which we learned that normal service would be resumed as soon as possible; an announcement Dylan Thomas might have phrased more amusingly.

If the length of a night's programme can be stretched to cover accidents, I fail to see why it cannot be stretched to take a full play. Why must everything be 'slightly pruned'? Why should Eric Crozier, who made the adaptation, have had to cut the 'darkest-before-dawn' lines of the first narrative, with the names of the boats, or the few lines about 'night, dumbly, royally winding', or the piece about Mary-Ann Sailors, or



the voice of the Guide-Book, or the moving enunciation of those Welsh names in the Rev. Eli Jenkins' aubade, or the mid-morning noises of the village, or any of the other stray lines that were snatched from us? The 'break in transmission' made nonsense of the ninety-minutes' rule.

What we had was a 'slightly pruned' performance with an interval longer than in the theatre: a more harmful break because, by the hearth, we return to the right mood less quickly. Still, on the whole the play survived well. To grumble about its transference to the stage has always seemed to me an academic objection, carping for carping's sake. Naturally, one accepts 'Milk Wood' as a triumph of sound-radio, that most testing medium, the theatre of the mind's eye. This granted, a 'play for voices' can surely have its chance in the visual theatre (or on the television screen). Any play for the stage—which is starved of verbal beauty—ought to be a 'play for voices'. As I said on the afternoon when R.A.D.A. students first acted 'Milk Wood' in the theatre, the fact that its people did not look precisely as I had imagined them, neither set me against the play nor blurred the effect of Dylan Thomas' language.

One can agree that television is, so far, the least successful medium. It magnifies parts of the play while seldom persuading us that the village is a unity. Some things, of course, it brings up with cunning: the bubbling water-screen through which the ghosts appear to Captain Cat; those other ghosts, most dejected and wretched, that attend on Mrs. Ogmores-Pritchard; much of the early fantasy. 'From where you are, you can hear their dreams', says the Onlooker. From the fireside we could see their dreams. No harm in that. The matter that actively worried me last week was the iteration of 'says So-and-So'. I barely noticed this in the theatre; on television it became an obtrusive nudging, an underlining.

I did miss the full expanse of the village; but David J. Thomas managed the cameras artfully, especially in close-up. It was pleasant to see Mog Edwards and Myfanwy Price staring at each other through the bedroom window; and we can never be too close to the Pughs during that alarming luncheon when Mr. Pugh minces 'in the hissing laboratory of his wishes' and 'Mr. Pugh smiles. An icicle forms in the cold air of the dining-vault'. Donald Houston, the Onlooker (without any fussing accent) and William Squire's Captain Cat were as appreciative as before; and Marion Grimaldi could sing Polly Garter's song. An occasion, certainly, for those with ears to hear: no doubt the diehards shut their eyes. If there is a repetition, we may be allowed the entire play: I fail to understand (though perhaps the appropriate Lord Cut-Glass has an answer) why another few minutes of Dylan Thomas would have caused a national crisis. Often now, as the guillotine descends at the close of a ninety-minutes' session, I remember the Leonato, in a 'Much Ado About Nothing' between the wars, who contrived to condense his long church speech into the curious lines:

But she I valued, she, alas, has  
fall'n  
Into a pit of ink which none may  
cleanse  
From her foul-salted flesh.

There was more music under Milk Wood than in Sunday night's 'Quartet' (seventy-five minutes), a

play by Cedric Wallis that was, surprisingly, about a quartet—for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Music here was not the food of love. The moral of a vigorous anecdote appeared to be (if I can make a dab at it): 'Never let your second fiddle buy an Amati'. I would have enjoyed the play more if I could have believed in the jealous obsession of the first violin. It was not the fault of Sebastian Shaw, usually the most charming of actors, who did his best to persuade me that the man was fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. But my nerves were never as taut as a violin string, as I believe they ought to have been, and as the skilful production (Alvin Rakoff's) and acting tried to make them.

In 'The Ted Ray Show' I enjoyed guiltily a passage in which Ray and Kenneth Connor (was it?) daubed each other with paint. If they had smashed a lot of crockery, it would have been a capital night; alas the programme dwindled. The serial 'Joyous Errand' ended in an all-fall-down. Brisk, but I still feel the book must be better. A likable Hungarian gypsy band (Budai Loso Karoly's) had the most peripatetic cellist on record: I wonder what these musicians made of 'Quartet' if they saw it? And finally, on Sunday night, we could admire the showmanship of André Kostelanetz and his producer, Charles R. Rogers: visually, those orchestral patterns were uncommonly dramatic.

J. C. TREWIN

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Enchanted Isle

CHERISHING, AS I DO, pacific principles beneath the critical callouses, I do not go round looking for fights. But when I see two of my more ponderable colleagues simultaneously setting about an old man I cannot resist the temptation to intervene. Not that the patriarchal playwright I aspire to protect needs any help from me. In the first place, he is Irish. In the second, he is Sean O'Casey, who has been reminding us lately (in *The Green Crow*) that he enjoys nothing more than giving all his critics an unholy hiding single-handed. He is not, I suspect, above laying out a self-appointed referee as well. Next week



Scene from 'Under Milk Wood' on May 9, with William Squire as Captain Cat and Marion Grimaldi as Polly Garter

the Editor will probably be ordering red roses for me.

Anyway, in one of the two Sunday newspapers which still realise that sound broadcasting, as well as the haunted fish-tank, deserves critical attention, Paul Ferris dealt summarily with last week's Third Programme production of 'Red Roses for Me' by saying it is 'painfully explicit and sadly undramatic' and 'defied all attempts at production'. In the other, Robert Robinson (who thought John Gibson's production was well done) made the usual slighting comparison between this late play and O'Casey's earlier masterpieces, 'Juno' and 'The Plough', and asserted that 'the thing is processed—and processed Irishry has the devil of a flavour'. In particular, the hero 'sounds as if he came out of a book, not a railway shed'. If Mr. Ferris and Mr. Robinson had not said these things I might have said some of them myself. As they have, I allow myself a little Irish latitude to argue with them.

Twenty years after 'The Plough and the Stars' had its rough house in Dublin, I saw 'Red Roses for Me' at the Embassy Theatre, before it went on to the West End. I still see, in my mind's eye, the central transformation scene which catches at the heart, the visible manifestation of what Sean O'Casey was soaring after with his winged words. At Ayamonn's cry, 'Take heart of grace from your city's hidden splendour', the listless loungers on the bridge across the Liffey, the old flower-sellers huddled against a blank brick wall, were transfigured in a golden light, they were young again, they danced, and then faded back into the dirt and depression that was Dublin to the corporeal eye. 'Red Roses for Me' is O'Casey's 'Jerusalem'. It is as irrelevant to complain that it



'Quartet' on May 12, with (left to right) Sebastian Shaw as Melchior, Paul Whitsun-Jones as Paul, Alan Wheatley as Vere, and Paul Eddington as David



is more romantic than real as it would be to criticise Blake for thinking he could build a City of God with metaphorical bows and arrows. Ayamonn is a natural artist with a social conscience. It is right that he should speak from a poet's heart rather than from the empty gloom of a railway shed. What matters to O'Casey is what the human spirit carries down into the long dark tunnel of the industrial era. We see, in this largely allegorical play, how religion, humanism, art, love, patriotism, work, and loyalties pull a man several ways until they martyr him. We first meet Ayamonn, in his slum room, dressed as a Shakespearian red rose of Lancaster, making a bloody way through this world to a throne. The show is to raise funds for the railwaymen's strike to get an extra shilling. 'Maybe', his girl says, in a simple shining epitaph, 'he saw the shilling in the shape of a new world'.

To contrast 'Red Roses For Me' unfavourably with 'The Plough and the Stars' is about as helpful as to point out that there is more human substance in 'Hamlet' than 'The Tempest'. O'Casey is not Shakespeare, by a long way. But he is soaked in Shakespeare, like his hero, and he knew what sort of play he was to write twenty years after, seeing the enchantment of the isle he abandoned for his voluntary exile in England. Here once more was the fateful Easter week of death and vision, a hero fallen and a woman left to mourn. But the violence is off-stage now. O'Casey is writing his allegorical final plays. All his agnosticism cannot resist the ritual of the creative martyr laid to rest in a church, as a background to the richer ritualism of nature in the churchyard:

There's the rowan tree he loved (his mother says), bare, or drenched with blossom. Like himself, for fine things grew thick in his nature; an' later come the berries, the red berries, like the blood that flowed today out of his white body. . . . Is it putting out the lights they are?

And the Protestant rector orders that for this night the lights will be left on in the church. 'When a true man dies', Ayamonn once said, 'he is buried in th' birth of a thousand worlds'.

My great misgiving about the radio production was that the crucial transformation scene could not be made to work in sound alone. I think this was a reasonable apprehension; and that it was not only by professional skill but by a passionate devotion to the play that John Gibson brought it off so wonderfully. The moment when the regimented tramp of marching feet begins to tread down the music of 'the dream that God's right hand still holds all things firmly' was one of the most memorable in radio drama. This visionary backward glance of O'Casey's that illuminates an outwardly drab reality in the distance must not be trampled by our down-to-earthiness. For 'no one knows', as his Ayamonn said, 'what a word will bring forth. The leaves an' blossoms have fallen, but the tree isn't dead'.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Excellent Talks on the Third

A FEW WEEKS AGO I wrote in this column with a certain complacency about the cropping of the Third Programme. Like some others who commented on it I wrote from a deep sense of relief that the Programme was not to cease to exist altogether, and allowed myself to be persuaded by the official assurance that the shorter time would mean a better Third Programme. But two hours a day is 730 hours a year, and this *could* mean that 2,190 less talks were broadcast each year. Even when the proportions are balanced out between drama, music, and the Spoken Word it is clear that that

innocuous little two hours in fact represents a catastrophic blow to the entire Third Programme, and it is likely that the Spoken Word will be among the heavier sufferers. The decision to cut the service is in fact an emasculation, and I make a complete recantation of any remarks of acceptance I may have made in the past. From letters I have received from average listeners I can realise something of the enormous reliance which thousands of people in the country put on the Third Programme as an educative force. I wonder if the highest authorities at the B.B.C. have taken this sufficiently into account. Certainly the letter written to *The Times* on May 3 by its Chairman, Sir Alexander Cadogan, is one of the most disquieting statements of policy to have come from the Corporation. This 'plan for the whole community' seems to me a plan to pander to the more moronic elements in our society and to drive the minority further into its corner at a time when, as never before, there is an opportunity to increase the numbers of the minority. The day of bread and circuses is over; the general cultural level of the community is rising; the B.B.C. should provide more and more heaven.

In this column I often do not mention excellent talks which I've heard during the week, because I can make no comment or appraisal of them that would be of the slightest interest to anybody. I have absolutely nothing to say about the current series on plant ecology, and it seems pointless to make a few vapid remarks about Professor This's charming voice or Mr. That's odd way with the microphone. When I listened to Mr. G. Burniston Brown's talk on the Third Programme 'Must Western Science Decline?' I at first imagined it would come into this category. In fact it was a talk which the most unscientific mind could recognise as being of fundamental importance.

Here was a physicist setting out to shatter some of the accepted ideas about science which have been imposed on the layman during the past half century. The key to Mr. Brown's view was in his quotation of Rutherford's remark that Anglo-Saxons had too much sense to understand relativity. He believed that the enormous reliance on mathematical theory in contemporary science, and the contempt for the deductive methods of Newton that followed, could indeed cause a decline in western science. Although Mr. Brown made no reference to it he reminded me all the time of that great battle in the ancient world between the Ionian philosophers and the Pythagoreans, between the deductive observation of phenomena and the ideal, mathematical view of nature which saw Number as the mystical key to the universe, and talked such a lot of nonsense in the process. I had not realised that among modern scientists this precise battle is being repeated, in almost identical terms, with Newton standing for the Ionians, and Einstein for the Pythagoreans; the desire to find the 'causes of sensible effects' against the desire for the formal beauty of mathematics. I hope the modern Ionians will win. I am all for what Norman Douglas called a life well lived: 'A blithe discarding of primordial husks, of those comfortable intangibilities that lurk about us, waiting for our weak moments'.

Another talk on the Third Programme which supported this view was Professor A. J. Ayer's discussion of the Versailles apparitions and various other para-normal matters. I seemed to get the impression from Professor Ayer that he really thought the whole thing was such a lot of poppycock that it hardly merited the serious consideration of a rational man. In any case, the evidence was hardly given the passionately logical analysis which Professor Ayer would certainly have accorded matters of more importance. And I applauded as, one by one, I

heard various cases of supposed para-normal happenings sent ruthlessly packing—including that most extraordinary case of mass illusion, the miracle of Fatima. And with a few well-loaded sentences my mind was finally put at rest about the Dunne time-theory, something which I had never thought it worth while to waste time on, but had always supposed to be logical according to its own premisses. Professor Ayer described it as being based on 'a logical fallacy, a nonsensical misunderstanding of relativity'. It was a good week for me; Mr. Brown had suggested that relativity itself was nonsensical, and Professor Ayer had allowed me to throw the time-theory into the limbo with the other nonsenses.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Made in Germany—New Style

CARL ORFF'S 'DIE KLUGE' ('The Clever Girl'), with which the Third Programme entertained us on Friday and Saturday, has, we are told, had a great success in Germany and elsewhere. This is not surprising, for the piece has vitality, abundant humour of a crude, gross kind, and music that is simple as A.B.C. There is no mystery in this Orffic composition, which sticks to the easiest keys (never more than two accidentals in the signature), avoids chromaticism, and, to make sure that we shall not miss anything, repeats paragraphs of eight or sixteen bars at least twice, and often more. The melodies, like everything else, are simple and 'catchy', only escaping downright banality by a hair's breadth through the sheer vitality with which they are presented and sometimes by a happy twist or turn.

Confronted with its popularity, one asks 'with whom?' To what audience does Orff address himself? To those who enjoyed the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert in the Home Service on Wednesday or the Amadeus Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Opus 132 in A minor on Friday in the Third? No, Orff is not in the line of the great classical composers; rather is he the heir to Hanswurst, the entertainer of the groundlings, whose latest English equivalent is the now celebrated Archie Rice. On that plane, Orff is an extremely clever practitioner, getting his effects with a minimum of material. The sophisticated musical listener may find his repetitiveness, his unadventurous harmony and the small scale of his movements boring, but he must make allowance for the weaker brethren. Here was the licensed jester of Hitler's Germany, and it is surprising how liberal the licence was permitted to be, for instance in the Tramps' Trio, 'On the day that Faith was born'—which is the best thing in the piece.

If 'Die Kluge' is as 'easy as pie' for the listener, it cannot have been so simple for the performers, who deserve the warmest applause for putting it across with such spirit, especially on Saturday night when everyone seemed happier and more confident. Which leads me to express a hope, parenthetically, that these duple programmes will not be cut down to singles under the new dispensation. Better one work well done twice, than two less fully rehearsed! Bruce Boyce had the most difficult part to play, for, apart from the middle scene, the King's music is the least interesting in the work and his grotesque character does not lend itself to subtleties of expression. Ellen Dales did well in the part of the Clever Girl on Saturday after a tentative performance the night before, but still lacked the authority that will come with more experience. So the best of the fun came from the irrelevant characters who served to pad out the slender tale with knockabout farce—the three tramps, the muleteer and donkey-driver, Jan van der Gucht, Denis Catlin, and



Norman Lumsden (whose resonant low Gs took on an unaccountably comic character) were completely successful in individualising the three tramps and in putting their clowning across. And Gerald Davies as the abused donkey-owner and Ronald Evans as the hectoring muleteer contributed to the success of the performance which was directed by Nicholas Goldschmidt and skilfully produced as radio-opera by C. Denis Freeman and David Harris, who was also responsible for the racy English translation.

We had a sample of the other kind of modern German music in a programme directed by Pierre Boulez—Stockhausen's 'Zeitmasse', a mathematical complex whose meaning and validity as music passes me by. The programme also included a Concerto by Anton Webern,

whose dabs and stabs of colour produce a fascinating effect not unlike the paintings of Paul Klee, and Luigi Nono's 'Canti per 13', who applies more virulent colours with the same sort of technique and then folds his piece in two so that the blot reproduces itself exactly on either side of the central fold. This turned out to be *Augenmusik* rather than music for the ear. And there was Boulez' own 'Le marteau sans maître'—a *gamelangong* sort of music in which a great many things were struck with hammers without any apparent overall design. So the title, at least, is a good one.

Thomas Scherman, besides giving excellent performances of Handel and J. C. Bach with the Goldsbrough Orchestra, included some trans-Atlantic music in his programme. The best work

was Norman Dello Joio's *Clarinet Concerto* played by Jack Brymer, beside whose lyricism and jollity Piston's *Sinfonietta* sounded brash. The Argentine Ginastera's *Variations* were completely lacking in any consistency of style.

Preoccupation with these novelties need not obscure the fact that the finest musical experiences of the week came from Beethoven, from Dame Myra Hess' gracious and moving performance, based on a complete technical control of the music, of the *Concerto in G* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Sir Adrian Boult (deputising for Bruno Walter, the absent hero of the occasion) with his customary sympathy, and the *Quartet in A minor*, in which Mr. Brainin and his colleagues plumbed the depths of the Lydian *Adagio*.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Nielsen's Heroic Symphonies

By ARTHUR JACOBS

Broadcasts of the complete series of Carl Nielsen's six symphonies begin on Thursday, May 23, at 8.15 p.m. (Third)

IN 1923, eight years before his death, Carl Nielsen conducted a programme of his own orchestral music in London without causing more than the faintest flicker of comment. It remained for the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra to play his Fifth Symphony at the 1950 Edinburgh Festival and to raise a great wave of interest in the composer. The wave left on our shores a notably lucid and scholarly book: Robert Simpson's *Carl Nielsen, Symphonist*.

Discovered in our mid-century musical crisis, Nielsen's music appeared to provide powerful reinforcement to anti-revolutionary critics. Here was originality based on the expansion, not on the upheaval, of traditional musical resources. Audiences, thinking less abstractly, must nevertheless have been struck in a similar way. Nielsen writes emotionally moving tunes with a freshness all his own (especially in his major-key tunes with flattened sevenths and flattened thirds inserted). Additionally, his symphonies are characterised by a heroic attitude to which large-scale audiences respond. The piano concerto from Beethoven to Bliss forms popular heroic music in just this sense.

It was Beethoven who first gave the name 'heroic' to a symphony. But it is not so much the 'Eroica' as the introduction to the finale of the Ninth that most plainly isolates the heroic gesture. Here is struggle, here is decision. The mere offering and rejection of themes was anticipated by Haydn in the *Sinfonia concertante*, Op. 84; but Beethoven invests the process with clashes which—in respect both of form and of harmony—are violent to the point of disruption. So, exactly, with Nielsen.

It is significant that the end of every one of Nielsen's symphonies conveys the heroic notion of triumph after battle—in various ways, from the marches of the Second and Third Symphonies to the brilliant quasi-fanfare of the Sixth. The works themselves, moreover, are full of interjections against the main current. The point of disruption is often reached—by obsessive repetitions, by the break-through of mere percussion, by ruthless clashes of harmony when themes battle with each other, and by stretches of keyless wandering which only later burst into the affirmation of a key.

Nielsen began as a symphonist when he was twenty-six, and a violinist in the Danish Royal Orchestra. His First and Second Symphonies (1891-92 and 1901-02) show a certain indebtedness to Brahms and a certain conservatism of form: the First even has a double-bar repetition

of the exposition in the opening movement. Yet the works are already characteristic. The Second is headed 'The Four Temperaments': naturally for Nielsen, the sanguine temperament is left to crown the work. The disruptive use of percussion, which was to attain a major structural function in the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, is already used in the portrayal of the choleric temperament. 'I don't like programme music, but . . .' wrote Nielsen in a note on this symphony. It is a revealing phrase, especially because Nielsen follows it with a word-picture so naively written as to suggest a Robert Benchley parody of the real thing.

Unlike his contemporary, Mahler, Nielsen never married symphony with cantata. A soprano and a baritone soprano enter the Third Symphony ('*Sinfonia espansiva*', 1910-11) only to take part wordlessly in a section of pastoral ecstasy. (There is a remarkable parallel here with Vaughan Williams' *Pastoral Symphony* of a decade later.) The '*Espansiva*' shows Nielsen as master of a new freedom in symphonic structure.

The Fourth Symphony (1914-16) is subtitled, in Danish, 'Det Uudslukkelige'. This has unfortunately acquired the unwieldy English translation of 'The Inextinguishable' ('inextinguible' was as near as the original Danish published score could get). 'The Unquenchable' would be more idiomatic and better. 'Music is life, and as such is unquenchable', wrote Nielsen in his preface to the work. Like the previous symphonies, 'The Unquenchable' has four movements: but this time they are linked tail-to-head. The third movement, with its melting violin solo, together with the fourth movement in which two pairs of kettledrums carry out disruption, marks a new intensity in Nielsen's symphonic expression. The end of this symphony (with a 'break-through' by a theme in thirds) and the beginning of No. 5 are two of the comparatively rare points at which the technique of Nielsen meets that of Sibelius.

The Fifth Symphony (1920-22) covers the range of its predecessors but is condensed into two movements. In the first occurs the famous climax when one of Nielsen's typically 'open', diatonically harmonised tunes is worked up and then subjected to a double disruption—first by obsessive cries from woodwind and strings answering each other, and secondly from a side-drum whose player improvises his own fierce cadenza. The disruption affects both form and harmony.

Disruptive processes are carried furthest in

the Humoresque of the Sixth Symphony or '*Sinfonia semplice*' (1924-25), which sounds like a pastiche (rather than a parody) of the 'naughty' modern music of the nineteen-twenties. The movement proves a stumbling block to such a devout Nielsenite as Dr. Simpson, but it has its precedents. Even when the trombone yawns rudely in the face of a would-be tender tune, memory goes back to the second movement of the Fourth Symphony—when another tender tune cannot escape tonal disturbance. The rest of the Sixth, anyway, is commanding. Exceptionally, its finale is in variation-form. Nielsen handled this form ably elsewhere, as in the *Wind Quintet*; here, more than ably, he combines it with the process of disruption-plus-affirmation which gives the heroic character to his symphonies.

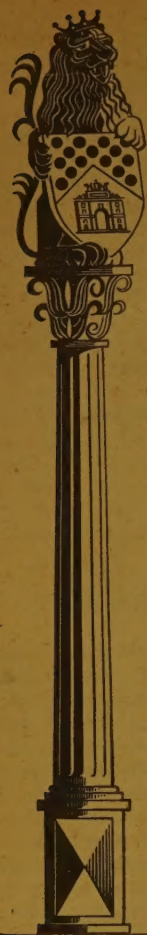
What of the technical characteristic emphasised by Dr. Simpson and others—Nielsen's liking for beginning a movement in one key and ending in another (so-called 'progressive tonality')? There are some cases in Nielsen's symphonies in which this process is more apparent than real: that is, where Nielsen merely gives us a surprise (like Beethoven opening his First Symphony) by concealing the true key at first, or conversely where he decides to end in the dominant of the true key (like Elgar in the slow movement of the *Cello Concerto*). But there are, admittedly, other cases where Nielsen seems to produce a new final key as though out of a hat. If we look into the hat, can we discover where the rabbit came from? Dr. Simpson thinks he can.

There has been a series of pedals, rising by minor and major thirds: C, E, G, B flat, D, F—now what? The next step should be nothing less than A itself. . . . [But instead we have] E flat major. This enchanted region is, of course, the opposite pole from A.

So he writes of the second movement of the '*Espansiva*'. But others will doubt if this is how the mind of the listener (as distinct from the musicologist with the score) really works. Is the key of A really expected? And is E flat really received as the 'opposite' of A (a term from logic, dangerously used in musical contexts)? Classically, as Tovey reminds us in his book on Beethoven, 'no sense of key-relation arises except between keys that are in immediate juxtaposition'.

Perhaps—as in Nielsen's other surprising E flat ending, in the Fifth Symphony—the hero is merely exercising the heroic right to say 'I choose a key'. And, hero-worshipping, the listener follows.





## What you Will

The disposition of property, the creation of a family trust, the problems of partnership and private companies—these, and many similar and related matters arise daily in the faithful discharge of the responsibilities laid upon us as executors and trustees. We are well fitted to act for you for we possess the knowledge and experience to handle your affairs with skill, courtesy and sympathetic understanding. Our care for the best interests of your dependants can do much to alleviate your own care for their future.

## National Provincial

*for friendly service*

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED



**"... retirement seemed so far away—but we're glad now we planned ahead."**

We were both not much over thirty when the Prudential man came and talked about insurance.

"Time," he said, "goes faster than you think."

It was an effort for us to look so far ahead, but we relied on his experience—especially when he told us how much cheaper life assurance is when you are young. After all, he was able to tell us so much about the people who had planned ahead—and those who hadn't!

Now we are thankful we took his advice. Our Prudential policies have been paid and will make all the difference to our retirement.



Ask the man from the

**PRUDENTIAL**

*The address of the local office is in the telephone directory.*

## House Purchase Loans

up to 90% of valuation

5½% interest

no valuation fees or lender's legal charges

Apply for details to

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

## FICTION OR NON-FICTION?



Writers of popular fiction unable to believe all they read about Hi Fi, should visit our showrooms where all the best sellers in high fidelity equipment can be heard and compared. Write now for the latest edition of our illustrated Hi Fi catalogue.

*All instruments in stock at Imhofs are available for despatch in export packing anywhere in the world, or for immediate and free delivery anywhere in Great Britain.*

**IMHOFS**

ALFRED IMHOF LIMITED  
Dept. 65, 112-116 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 7878



For the Housewife

## A Question of Paint

By DAVID ROE

**A** LISTENER writes: 'I tried to paint a white one-coat paint over dark brown, but the brown kept showing through, so that I had to apply two coats. The man in the shop said I put it on too thinly but I don't think I did'. It is difficult to be definite about this complaint, as I can see two possible answers to the problem. Let us face it, the man in the shop may be right. When you are making such a drastic change as from brown to white, you are expecting the maximum performance the paint can possibly give. This means that even if you put it on just a little bit too thinly it may not be thick enough to cover. The other possible explanation is that you may have been painting over an old gloss paint. That is all right, except that it is very important to rub down the old glossy surface so that all the gloss is removed. Otherwise, there is a danger that you will not be able to spread the new paint evenly, and this could, of course, give a patchy result.

Ceilings are the subject of my next inquiry: 'Could you please tell me if it is the right thing to paint the ceilings in the bathroom, kitchen, and dining-room, or is it better to distemper them?' In steamy atmospheres, the ceiling-distemper or ceiling-white will take up moisture and help to reduce condensation, but it may tend to flake off more readily than a flat paint. On the other hand, a flat paint will show up condensation a little more than distemper, but

it is less likely to flake. In the dining room, or any other room that is not steamy, there is little to choose between ceiling-distemper and paint. While a painted ceiling is washable, you cannot wash ceiling-white. And when you come to re-decorate a painted ceiling, it is a much less messy job than one which was previously done with ceiling-white. So my personal preference is for flat paint in each case.

Another listener asks: 'Would a coat of silicone polish help to keep my paintwork clean, and would it damage it in any way?' First of all, it is not a good practice to put any kind of polish on new paintwork. The paint should be allowed to harden off for several months first. When the gloss is beginning to dull a little, polish will brighten it up and help to keep it clean.

This question concerns the new jelly paints: 'Could you tell me if you can apply jelly paint over distemper in the kitchen?' Yes, you can. In fact you can use these jelly paints over any other sort of paint. But, of course, the old surface will need washing and rubbing down as usual, including touching in with undercoat on any patches where you have gone down to bare plaster.

Another listener writes: 'My cellar has hitherto been covered with ceiling-white, which is most unsatisfactory. Can you give me any information about a coating for the bricks prior to the application of paint?' There are plenty of good sealers for walls on the market. It ought

to be a damp-resisting sealer as there is bound to be some moisture coming through the walls of a cellar. But the major problem here is that all the old ceiling-white must be scraped and washed off before it is safe to go ahead with the sealer.—*Home Service*

## Notes on Contributors

ROBERT GUILLAIN (page 777): formerly Tokyo correspondent of *Le Monde*

COMMANDER SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL (page 779): Honorary Director and Chairman of Council of Hansard Society; M.P. (Ind. Nat.) for Ormskirk Division of Lancashire 1939-1945; author of *The Communist Conspiracy*, *My Naval Life*, etc.

SURENDRA NATH SEN (page 783): formerly Vice-Chancellor of Delhi University

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 785): author of *English Drawings*, *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, *The Englishman's Flora*, *A Master of Our Time* (Wyndham Lewis), etc.

PIERRE SCHNEIDER (page 786): French literary and theatre critic

ROBIN IRONSIDE (page 796): painter and writer; Assistant Keeper, Tate Gallery, 1937-46; some of his paintings have been acquired for the Tate Gallery and he has done the *décor* for opera and ballet at Covent Garden; author of *David Jones, British Painting since 1939*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,407.

## Diametricode—II.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

In a diametricode the letters in the circles are twenty-four letters of the alphabet (J and Q omitted). Each of these letters forms a 'pair' with the letter diametrically opposite: for example, the third letter of 1A with the fourth letter of 40A; the first letter of 22A with the first letter of 25D.

The clues in italics lead to lights in which every letter of the answer is replaced by the other letter of its pair.

The thirty-four unchecked letters in the solution might be arranged as: LO, OUR HUMBLE SPECIALITY —A NEAT, NEAT CLUE!

## CLUES—ACROSS

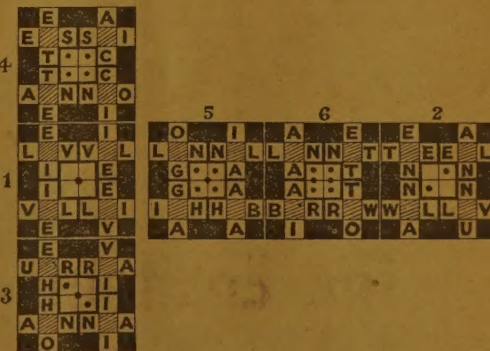
1. Confirm if a try will do (6). 4. Homeric goddess, thus described, sounds a bit rusty (6). 7. *Worth the risk, it might be said* (10). 11R. Harpy? (5). 13. *A nun's extraordinary clothes have this effect* (5). 15. The pretext of a soft meadow (4). 16R. Make fun of poor Flemish cloth without ado (4). 17R. *A third of a paradisaical recipe* (4). 18. 120 or more this century (4). 20R. *Out of step? What a nuisance!* (4). 21. Before this hesitant enunciation of 17R.'s is rhyme (6). 22. Bitterness on the right of the stage sets the pace (6). 23. Shot up to shoot down (3-3). 26. Danger! Animals crossing! (6). 29R. The sort of woman to accompany anyone at short notice (4). 31. Lighter without one (4). 32. Sounds a bit daring, this dress, even for the ballet (4). 33R. Don't be so hard (4). 35R. Pockets the tricks (4). 36R. *Scotch to the highest degree* (5). 37. The Light Brigade—not quite the type to brag (3, 2 (abbr.)). 38. *Half a grape-fruit, half an orange—what's the answer? Half a lemon? Well, not exactly* (10). 39. Auxiliary double act (6). 40. Is this a dagger that I see before me? It might be a lance (6).

## DOWN

1. Steal away, with scarcely a sound (6). 2U. *A joiner, comparatively speaking* (4). 3. Sensational! The very boy for sovereign! (6). 4. Died before 18A, but a figure of

some breadth, too (6). 5. *Gaff-steadier. What a guy!* (4). 6. Steal away, bag and baggage (6). 7. *Like cures like, says he* (10). 8U. *This could be thrown or dealt or (in due season) shed* (4). 9U. A romantic hero gone sour (4). 10. *Exact pence? What a hope!* (10). 12U. *Poison Ivy? We must get on to the Royal Humane Society about you* (4). 14. Stir up the mud in 'L'Allegro', 'Il Penseroso', etc. (4). 18. Hair grip (4). 19. His heart is in the Highlands, no doubt (4). 23. Given this perpendicularity, you can be assured (6). 24. Destructive goddess clearly likes a long nap on the carpet (4). 25. The horse displays a malignant spirit (6). 26. Cut your losses and a pretty figure, so to speak (6). 27U. Once cower, and you need ageless courage (4). 28. Lazy Susan! Lying on her back! Stick a pin in her! (6). 30. Aristophanic buzzer? (5). 32. *What Paris said to 34 in '39* (5). 34. *Muses join the Press Association to secure freedom from disturbance in Paris* (4). 35U. An unfledged hawk. (Like a norange?) (4).

## Solution of No. 1,405



## NOTES

2. Lyon Levi on 18/1/1810; 4. scrofula, the (King's) Evil; 8. (an)neal; 12. see Huer's House at Newquay; 16. acis (anag.); 17. Ahab-Haba; 24. bari(tone).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: S. Saft (Salford, 5); 2nd prize: R. V. H. Roseveare (Winchester); 3rd prize: E. C. Bond (Storrington)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



## POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

**G.C.E.**

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education can serve as (1) evidence of a sound general education, (2) the first step to a degree, and (3) the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually-conducted postal courses for all G.C.E. examinations at very reasonable fees, payable by instalments if desired. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

**WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

## Make Writing Your Hobby NOW

The main reason for the outstanding results gained by students of the Regent Institute — whose widely-recommended literary courses are under the constant personal direction of a well-known editor and author — is that the tuition is COMPLETELY INDIVIDUAL.

R.I. students have been enabled to earn considerable sums by spare-time writing: some have become professional writers. Send for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," which gives full details of the courses — **THE REGENT INSTITUTE** (Dept. LJ/20A), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

- ★ Over 1,650 publications have printed R.I. students' work.
- ★ All the instructors are successful authors and journalists.

## THE HEATHERLEY SCHOOL OF FINE ART

is the oldest private Art School in London, and has recently been re-decorated and re-organised to meet the needs of every Art Student. With its three fully equipped Studios and highly qualified teaching staff it provides the "Paris Studio" of London. Students may paint freely and take courses of instruction for one week to four years, or even in the evenings, and still receive individual tuition.

Write for prospectus to:—

**33 Warwick Sq., London, S.W.1**

## YOUR PEN CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper-rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

*Let the LSJ show the way.* The London School of Journalism has had 35 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training by post—with coaching that is entirely individual. It is the quality of this personal coaching that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused *Truth* to say: 'The LSJ claims less and achieves more'.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book 'Writing for the Press' makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Chief Secretary,

**LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 19, Hertford Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.**

GROsvenor 8250

"There are LSJ students all over the world."

*more than usual*

## A matter of Interest

In fact,  $\frac{1}{4}\%$  more — making it  $3\frac{3}{4}\%$  net. That makes an investment in the "Planet" outstandingly profitable. And, it is important to remember, the "Planet" is not only one of the oldest but one of the soundest of Building Societies, and a founder member of The Building Societies Association. Its liquid resources are ample — well above the Association's recommendation. It exercises all the restraints of a cautious yet enterprising Building Society, thereby offering an investment security equal to any, superior to most.

# PLANET

## BUILDING SOCIETY

# 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ %

### NET PER ANNUM

equal to  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$  on investments taxable at standard rate

The Society pays the Income Tax Facilities for immediate withdrawal

Write for details, Accounts and Application Form to

Planet House, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. Tel: Monarch 8985

## Preparation for Examinations

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for:—

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE**

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ.

**LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES**

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., &c.

**A.C.P., L.C.P., and other Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Professional Prelim**

Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments

★ **PROSPECTUS** post free from the Registrar,

**UNIVERSITY**

**CORRESPONDENCE**

**COLLEGE**

**56 Burlington House, Cambridge**

## SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc.; exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

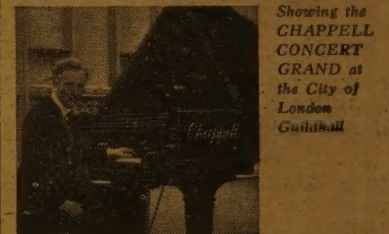
**More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES**

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D/11).

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE**  
ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4



*Showing the CHAPPELL CONCERT GRAND at the City of London Guildhall*

**Sidney Harrison**

PIANIST OF Television Concert Broadcast

fame

PROFESSOR Guildhall School of Music

AUTHOR OF "Beginning to Play the Piano,"

"Piano Technique," etc.

Writes: "The Piano at the Guildhall was a delight to play upon."

Name of nearest agent, etc., from:

**THE CHAPPELL PIANO CO., LTD.**

50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

Whatever the weather the Life-boat Service is on the job, saving over 600 lives a year. It is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. Help it to keep going by sending a contribution, however small, to:—

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland  
Secretary Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

An Irish Coxswain



**SWEDENBORG SOCIETY INC.,**  
20/21, BLOOMSBURY WAY,  
LONDON, W.C.1.

## HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS AND HELL

by EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

The most comprehensive and convincing description of life in the spiritual world.

"Lost... denial... should... infect the simple in heart and the simple in faith such direct revelation is now made"  
(Swedenborg)

Order from the Swedenborg Society (Dept. D)

Price: rexine, 3s. 6d. (postage 8d.)

paper, 2s. 0d. (postage 8d.)

A descriptive annotated catalogue of the Society's publications sent free on request.